BLUE REVISED a/o 2/16/95

"HARD EIGHT"

SYDNEY

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
January 24, 1995

1 EXT. COFFEE SHOP/PARKING LOT - DAWN 1

CAMERA holds on a coffee shop off a stretch of highway.

The back of a FIGURE enters FRAME at waist level. CAMERA DOLLIES BEHIND THE FIGURE, HOLDING AT WAIST LEVEL, ACROSS THE PARKING LOT, APPROACHING THE COFFEE SHOP ENTRANCE.

Sitting on the ground, outside the door is an unshaven man, late twenties, JOHN.

The FIGURE passes by him, enters the coffee shop.

CAMERA holds on John. BEAT. The Figure steps back out of the coffee shop.

FIGURE (OC)
Hey...

John holds his head in his lap.

FIGURE (OC)
Hey.

JOHN
What?

FIGURE (OC)
You want a cup of coffee?
(pause)
You want a cigarette?

John looks up.

JOHN
...what...?

FIGURE (OC)
I'm a guy who's offering to give you a cigarette and buy you a cup of coffee.

CUT TO:

2 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAWN - MOMENTS LATER 2

John and Sydney (late 50s) enter. A WAITRESS greets them.

SYDNEY
Good morning.

WAITRESS
Hello. You can sit anywhere you like.

John heads for a booth, Sydney removes his coat, looks to Waitress.

SYDNEY
Two coffee's.

Sydney joins John in the booth, hands him a cigarette, lights it for him. BEAT, THEN:

SYDNEY
What's your name?

JOHN
John.

SYDNEY
Sydney.

The WAITRESS brings the coffee.

SYDNEY
You come from Vegas, Reno?

JOHN
Vegas.

SYDNEY
You lost some money?

JOHN
No.

SYDNEY
You won some money?

JOHN
I broke even.

SYDNEY
You look pretty sad for someone who broke even.

JOHN
Well...I just look this way.

SYDNEY
What were you playing?

JOHN
Blackjack.

SYDNEY
You know how to count cards?

JOHN
What?

SYDNEY
You said you were playing blackjack: Do you know how to count cards?

JOHN
No.

SYDNEY
In my experience, if you don't know how to count cards you should stay away from blackjack.

JOHN
I've won money before playing it.

SYDNEY
But not this time.

JOHN
I told you I broke even.

SYDNEY
You know how to play craps?

JOHN
No.

SYDNEY
There's a lot of money to be made playing craps. If you like to win...craps can be that way.

JOHN
Well thanks for the tip, Mr. Helpful.

SYDNEY
Hey, John --

JOHN
-- what?

SYDNEY
Hey. We're sitting down here.
I've bought you a cup of coffee
and given you a cigarette, hey, look at me:
You wanna be a wise guy, go back outside
and take a seat. If you want to talk
to me...hey, if you want to talk to me,
well then...Never Ignore A Man's Courtesy.
Let's talk about Vegas. Let's talk about
what happened to you...because something
did happen. Maybe I can help.

JOHN
You wanna help me?

SYDNEY
You look like a man that could use a friend.

JOHN
You wanna be my friend? Then gimme six
thousand dollars. Do you have six thousand
dollars to give a total stranger?
Because that's my trouble.

SYDNEY
What do you need six thousand dollars for?

JOHN
I need it.

SYDNEY
For what?

JOHN
To bury my mother.

HOLD, BEAT. THEN:

SYDNEY
You went to Vegas to win some money --

JOHN
-- No, I went to <u>lose</u> money.

SYDNEY
You went to win some money to
bury your mother, to pay for
her funeral. It's very admirable.
I admire the intention. I can't say
that it's wise, though.

JOHN
Do you have six thousand dollars
to give me?

SYDNEY
No I don't.

JOHN
...I didn't think so...

SYDNEY
Is there anyone else --

JOHN
-- no.

SYDNEY
...family...?

JOHN
There's no one else. It's me.
So there you go, there it is.

BEAT. THE WAITRESS DROPS THEIR CHECK. THEN:

SYDNEY
How much money do you have left, John?

JOHN
...nothing....

SYDNEY
If I gave you fifty dollars:
What would you do with it?

JOHN
I'd eat.

SYDNEY
You wouldn't gamble it?

JOHN
No.

SYDNEY
Why not?

JOHN
Because I gotta eat, <u>that's</u> why.

SYDNEY
How long can you eat, how long
can you live on fifty dollars?

JOHN
I don't know.

SYDNEY
I would bet not very long.

JOHN
You would bet...?

BEAT. Sydney extinguishes his cig, takes the check and stands.

SYDNEY
We'll take this coffee to go.
You come with me back to Vegas,
I'll loan you fifty bucks.
I'll show you what you did wrong.

JOHN
What are you, man? You think
you're St. Francis or something?

SYDNEY
No. I don't think I'm St. Francis.

JOHN
Are you lookin' for a fag?
Because I ain't some boy-hooker on
the street if that's what you're after.

SYDNEY
I'm not lookin' for a hooker, John.
I'm offering you a ride, I'm offering
to teach you something.

JOHN
I don't suck dick.

SYDNEY
I understand that. And this is the
last time I'll ask: Do you want my help?

JOHN
I'll fuck you up, if you fuck with me.

SYDNEY
Uh-huh.

JOHN
I know three types of karate.

SYDNEY
I'm sure you do.

JOHN
Alright...you give me a ride and
fifty bucks...but I'll sit in the back.
And believe me when I say: I'll fuck you up.

SYDNEY
I believe you.

CUT TO:

3 INT. SYDNEY'S '82 BUICK REGAL - MOVING - MORNING/LATER 3

Sydney is driving, John is in the backseat. Sydney gives a look in the rearview mirror, locks eyes with John, who looks away. HOLD.

JOHN
...you pull over a second?

CUT TO:

4 EXT. SYDNEY'S CAR/HIGHWAY - MORNING - THAT MOMENT 4

The car pulls to the side of the highway. John gets out of the back and into the front. The car pulls back out onto the highway...

CUT TO:

5 INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING/LATER 5

Sydney driving, John in the passenger seat. HOLD. They drive for a while in silence, then:

SYDNEY *
My Uncle died in 1949. *
He was a policeman in Boston. *
My Uncle worked as a policeman in
Boston for thirteen years and he was
fired upon twenty three times in
the line of duty without being hit. *
(beat) *
One morning: He woke up, got dressed, *
walked outside and down the street. *
He went to buy his coffee and his *
paper. He walked fifty yards from *
his house...he was fifty yards from *
reaching the store. He slipped *
on a patch of ice, fell down and *
cracked his forehead open on the *
pavement. *

BEAT. *

SYDNEY *
There are thirty-six possible *
combinations of numbers on a pair *
of dice. There's one way to roll a *
two and six ways to roll a seven. *
That's the math. That is what can be *
proven. If you want to roll a four, *
how can you do it? What are the *
combinations? *

JOHN *
...Combinations... *

SYDNEY
What number plus what number equals four? *

JOHN
Two plus two. *

SYDNEY
What else? *

JOHN
Three and one. *

SYDNEY
What else? *

JOHN
...That's it. *

SYDNEY
One and three. *

JOHN
I said that. *

SYDNEY
There are three ways to make a four, John. Two and two,three and one, one and three. That's the math. It's the only given in the situation. Only thing is: we can't control how they come up. In walking down the street to buy a cup of coffee, we relinquish the control to what? Maybe, to who? I don't know. But it doesn't matter to what or who or why, because that's the way it is. We've got nothing to do with any of it. *
(beat)
All we can do is bet on it. *

HOLD. They drive for a while in silence, then:

JOHN
Can I get a cigarette from you?

Sydney pulls a cig out, takes one, hands one to John. John presses the cig lighter in the dash board.

SYDNEY
Doesn't work, here...

Sydney hands him a book of MATCHES.

JOHN
No thanks.

SYDNEY
The lighter there doesn't work.

JOHN
I heard you. I just can't use matches.

Sydney lights the cig for himself with the matches. While he does, John holds the wheel. Once the cig is lit, Sydney drives for a few beats in silence, then:

SYDNEY
Are you going to smoke that?

JOHN
No.



SYDNEY
Why don't you use these matches?

JOHN
It's a rule with me. I just don't
use matches.

SYDNEY
Why not?

JOHN
I had a really bad experience once.
I promised I'd never use them again.

SYDNEY
Tell me.

JOHN
You know those monster book of
matches...those big daddy match books
with like forty matches?

SYDNEY
Yeah.

JOHN
I had one of those in my pocket once.
They just lit on fire, exploded in my pocket.

SYDNEY
The matches just went off?

JOHN
It's got something to do with friction
from what I understand...spontaneous
friction...and then <u>WHAM</u>. They went off.
I was standing in line for a movie,
all of a sudden....I swear to God,
the shock of it. It scared the shit
out of me. I had like third degree burns
on my leg...this close to my dick...

SYDNEY
I was just thinking that.

JOHN
And a brand new pair of pants too.
I mean, the matches go off, burn the
hell out of my leg, scare the shit
out of me...but the real pisser was
blowing a hole in a brand new pair of jeans.

SYDNEY
That's terrible.

JOHN
I thought about suing the matchbook company...but...I understand that these sorts of things happen. You know? I mean, shit just happens. This happens, that happens, you just deal with it.

SYDNEY
That's right. That's absolutely right, John.

HOLD. Sydney drags from his cig, then hands it to John.

SYDNEY
Here.

John takes the lit cig and uses it to light his own.

JOHN
Thanks.

John smokes his cig a moment, then:

JOHN
What do you do?

SYDNEY
...I travel...

JOHN
You're a professional gambler.

SYDNEY
I play long enough and hard enough to get a comped room and put food in my stomach.

JOHN
You've got it all figured out.

SYDNEY
John. I'm gonna loan you fifty dollars. Now tell me: What'll you do with it?

JOHN
You asked me. I told you --

SYDNEY
-- you could take it and play it. Play it a certain way long enough and hard enough to get a bed and a meal. You won't win six thousand dollars, I can assure you of that. And if you think that you can: Well. You just can't.

BEAT. HOLD, THEN:

JOHN
If you tell me how to do that,
how to play so I can get a bed
and a meal...I'd do that...if you'd
tell me how.

CUT TO:

6 INT. ALADDIN HOTEL/CASINO - LAS VEGAS - MORNING 6

The automatic sliding doors open and Sydney and John enter.

SYDNEY
First thing you do is go into the
bathroom, clean yourself up.
The attendant in there has a razor
you can use --

JOHN
Yeah, but I'm growin' a beard, Sydney --

SYDNEY
-- Once you're done, find me in the bar.

Sydney keeps walking. John stops.

CUT TO:

7 INT. ALADDIN BATHROOM - MORNING/MOMENTS LATER 7

John rinses his face clean from the shave. The ATTENDANT holds
a towel out for him.

JOHN
How does that look?

ATTENDANT
Much cleaner.

CUT TO:

8 INT. ALADDIN BAR - THAT MOMENT 8

Sydney sits with a cup of coffee. John approaches.

JOHN
Okay?

SYDNEY
Much better.

JOHN
What now?

SYDNEY
First off: I lied when I said fifty.
You need a hundred and fifty.

JOHN
...I knew it...

SYDNEY
Just relax and listen to me:
Are you listening?

JOHN
Yeah.

SYDNEY
You're gonna go over there to the
slot machines, go to that woman in
the cashier cage and ask her where
you can find the Floorman. She'll point
you to a guy in a tuxedo. The Floorman.
You find this man, you approach him, you say....

CUT TO:

9 INT. SLOT MACHINE AREA - MOMENTS LATER 9

John is speaking with the FLOORMAN. CAMERA DOLLIES IN QUICK.

JOHN
-- I just got into town and I'm going
to be playing this casino. I'm going
to be spending some money and hopefully
making some money...I'd like you to keep
track of what I spend. Can I get a rate card?
Is that possible?

CUT TO:

10 INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER 10

...John returns.

JOHN
I got it. He gave it to me.

Sydney hands John one-hundred and fifty dollars.

SYDNEY
....you take this hundred and fifty to
the cashier and cash it in for dollar tokens --

CUT TO:

11 INT. SLOT MACHINE AREA - THAT MOMENT 11

John stands at the Cashier. She makes a notation on his rate card, hands it back with two RACKS of one-fifty in tokens.

SYDNEY (OC)
She'll make a note on the rate card saying the amount you've cashed and the time of day. You take those tokens and find a slot machine.

John walks to find a slot machine, takes a seat and pumps in tokens.

SYDNEY (OC)
Find one that's off to the side a bit, but don't go unseen by the floorman. You sit at that machine and you play twenty dollars. Only twenty. Make it last, so play slow, play a dollar at a time.

...a COCKTAIL WAITRESS approaches John...

CUT TO;

12 INT. BAR AREA - THAT MOMENT 12

Sydney watches John order from the Cocktail Waitress. She writes his order and leaves. Sydney stands...

CUT TO:

13 INT. CASINO FLOOR - THAT MOMENT 13

...Sydney approaches the Cocktail Waitress.

SYDNEY
Excuse me.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Yes?

SYDNEY
That man order a drink?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Bloody Mary.

SYDNEY
I'm his father. He's not allowed to drink. Bring him a cup of coffee.

He hands her a couple dollars.

CUT TO:

14 INT. SLOT MACHINE AREA - THAT MOMENT 14

Sydney approaches John.

JOHN
Hey...

SYDNEY
You order a drink?

JOHN
It's free.

SYDNEY
It'll end up being a one hundred and fifty dollar cocktail, you understand?

JOHN
Yeah. Sorry.

SYDNEY
It's alright. You done with that twenty?

JOHN
Almost.

SYDNEY
Come.

15 INT. SECOND CASHIER BOOTH - CASINO FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER 15

Sydney and John walk to another booth, before arriving Sydney says;

SYDNEY
Give this cashier the hundred in tokens and she'll give you cash -- get a bill.

John hands his hundred dollar rack of tokens over and is given a new ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL...

16 INT. FIRST CASHIER BOOTH/CASINO FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER 16

Sydney and John walk back towards the first cashier across the casino.

SYDNEY
Now you're gonna give this cashier the bill and the rate card and ask for more tokens.

They arrive back to the First Cashier Booth...

JOHN
Can I get another hundred, please.

The CASHIER WOMAN gets the tokens, notes the rate card and hands them back to John. They move back to the slot machine...

SYDNEY
How much do you have on your rate card now?

JOHN
Two hundred...and fifty.

SYDNEY
And you've only spent twenty. You just circle the bill, John. Cash to tokens, tokens to cash. You build up enough on the rate card, it's gonna get you a comped room, maybe a meal. Slowly spend what's left of the fifty -- that's just for show when the floorman comes around -- but keep circling the hundred. Do it for an hour, take a break, do it again for an hour and so on. I'll be around.

JOHN
Where?

SYDNEY
I'll find you.

Sydney leaves John standing. The Cocktail Waitress brings John's coffee. HOLD.

CUT TO:

17 INT. SECOND CASHIER BOOTH - LATER 17

John hands his one hundred dollar RACK of tokens over and is handed a BILL...John walks back to....

CUT TO:

18 INT. FIRST CASHIER BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER 18

John hands the same BILL over for tokens and the Cashier Woman NOTES his rate card.

CUT TO:

19 INT. SLOT MACHINE - MOMENTS LATER 19

John pumps a few tokens in. The Floorman passes. They exchange a smile. The SLOT MACHINE that John is playing HITS and spits out two hundred tokens.

CUT TO:

20 INT. FIRST CASHIER BOOTH - LATER 20

John hands over a couple bills and his rate card.

CUT TO:

21 INT. CASINO - MOMENTS LATER 21

Sydney sits off to the side, watching John.

SYDNEY'S POV - ACROSS THE CASINO
John is approached by the Floorman. They exchange a few words.
John smiles and smiles.

CUT TO:

22 INT. ALADDIN HOTEL ROOM - EVENING 22

CAMERA holds on the door. John opens up, Sydney is there.

JOHN
Hey, hey, Sydney. Hey look, they gave
me a room. I got it. It worked.
I accidentally hit on the machine
I was playing for two hundred bucks.
The guy came up, he said, "Thank you for
playing with us, is there anything I can
get you, would you like a room,
would you like tickets to a show?"
I got tickets to a show. I racked up
two grand on the rate card.

SYDNEY
It works.

JOHN
Fuckin'A it does. Is this what you do?

SYDNEY
Not anymore.

JOHN
Shit, Sydney. This is great.
Thank you. Really. Thank you.

SYDNEY
You're welcome.

John reaches in his pockets, hands Syd his one-fifty.

JOHN
I owe you this back.

SYDNEY
Good.

JOHN
You wanna watch pay-per-view?
I got porno's, free movies,
the whole thing.

SYDNEY
No thank you.

Sydney pockets the money. They sit. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER.

SYDNEY
What are you gonna do now, John?

JOHN
I don't know...I was...I don't know.

SYDNEY
You can't keep doing the same
thing all week.

JOHN
I didn't think so.

HOLD, THEN:

JOHN
Syd, I was gonna...I'm wondering
if I could ask you something.
I know you did this, you taught me,
but there's something else --

SYDNEY
You can't win six thousand dollars, John.
I told you that before.

JOHN
I don't know what to do.

LONG PAUSE.

SYDNEY
I have a friend in Los Angeles.
Someone...maybe someone who can help.
I can make a call for you, tell him
you're a friend, so on and so forth,
maybe work this thing out here.

JOHN
I can't...I do...I do want your help,
but....you know I have no job...nothing.
I can't pay you back, if you want to work
something out --

SYDNEY
I am not an employer and I don't
hold debtors. I live...these casinos
and their benfits. You see?
My expenses are minimal, I told
you before, I play long enough and
hard enough...I think, if you need help
paying for your mothers funeral...we'll work
this out. I'll help you out here best I can.
I want you to see -- that my reasons
are not selfish, only this:
(beat)
I'd hope you'd do the same for me.

BEAT. They stand up.

JOHN
Thank you, Sydney.

SYDNEY
It's always good to meet a new friend.

CU. They shake hands. CAMERA PANS UP INTO TIGHT TWO SHOT.

SYDNEY
See you later.

Sydney heads for the door. CAMERA DOLLIES BACK FROM JOHN.

JOHN
Are you gonna gamble?

SYDNEY
Yes.

JOHN
Can I come down with you?

SYDNEY
If it's what you want.

JOHN
Just to watch.

SYDNEY
Let's go.

John grabs his key, slips it in his pocket and the two men leave the room. CAMERA HOLDS INSIDE THE ROOM.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK READS: "Two Years Later"

FADE IN:

23 INT. KENO BAR/LOUNGE - PEPPERMILL HOTEL/RENO - NIGHT 23

CAMERA begins on a JAZZ TRIO. *

CAMERA picks up with a Keno Girl who's roaming the bar, WE DOLLY WITH HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN PAN AWAY, ACROSS THE LOUNGE TO FIND:

SYDNEY. He's sitting in a booth, drinking a drink, wearing reading glasses and working on a crossword puzzle.

KENO GIRL (OC)
Keno...Keno...

SYDNEY
Right here.

Keno Girl approaches. Sydney hands her a card and twenty.

SYDNEY
Play two dollars, please.

Keno Girl exits. Sydney turns his attention across the room, looks over his reading glasses.

SYDNEY'S POV
Across the lounge, a young cocktail waitress, CLEMENTINE (late 20s) is serving a table of three men. We see them flirt with her and watch as she responds fondly.

Sydney turns his head, glances at the bar.

SYDNEY'S POV
At the bar, JOHN, well groomed now, speaks with a friend, JIMMY (late 20s)

Clementine steps into FRAME and walks towards CAMERA/SYDNEY, bringing him a fresh drink.

CLEMENTINE
Hello, Captain.

SYDNEY
Hello again.

CLEMENTINE
(covers her name tag)
Do you remember my name?

SYDNEY
Clementine.

CLEMENTINE
That's right.

SYDNEY
Like the movie.

CLEMENTINE
That's right.

SYDNEY
Do you remember my name?

CLEMENTINE
Sydney.

SYDNEY
Then why call me Captain?

CLEMENTINE
You seem like the Captain of a ship to me.
I see the way John worships you and follows
you...like you're his Captain.

SYDNEY
John has been a friend a long time.

Keno Girl arrives back at the table, drops the change and
the ticket for Sydney. He tips her.

KENO GIRL
Good luck, sir.

She exits, CAMERA PANS with her, leads us to Clementine.

CLEMENTINE
You're a good tipper, Captain.

SYDNEY
Tell me something. Are you required
to flirt...to behave as you do towards
that table of men, maybe as some part
of your job?

CLEMENTINE
They don't say to do it.

SYDNEY
But if you don't --

CLEMENTINE
-- I'd get questioned and "Why were you
rude to so and so..." I can't talk back
to them. I can't tell them to fuck off
and leave me alone.

SYDNEY
As a rule --

CLEMENTINE
-- an unsaid rule. I'd also lose the tip.

SYDNEY
It seems an occupational hazard.

He hands her some money.

CLEMENTINE
Jimmy paid for your drink.

Sydney looks to the bar. Jimmy raises his glass. Sydney nods, waves him to come over. He looks to Clementine.

SYDNEY
(re:twenty)
Keep it.

CLEMENTINE
Thank you, Captain.

Clementine exits. CAMERA DOLLIES BEHIND HER as she moves towards the bar, she passes John and Jimmy, who are walking the opposite direction, towards Sydney.

JIMMY
Thank you.

CLEMENTINE
Do you want another?

JIMMY
Yeah.

JOHN
-- Whatever Syd's having.

John gives Clementine a smile, she smiles back.

CLEMENTINE
Hi.

JOHN
Hello.

CLEMENTINE
Would you like a drink?

JOHN
Whatever Sydney's having, please.

CLEMENTINE
OK.

CAMERA picks up and DOLLIES BACK with John and Jimmy. They arrive at Sydney's table.

JOHN
Syd, you remember Jimmy?
He's a friend. He lives up here.

SYDNEY
Jimmy. Thank you for the drink.

JIMMY
It's my pleasure.

SYDNEY
Have a seat.

John and Jimmy sit.

JOHN
Jimmy works over at the Sands.

SYDNEY
I remember. You do...what...?

JIMMY
I do some consulting over there,
security on busy nights.

SYDNEY
Parking lot?

JIMMY
Inside the casino.

JOHN
Jimmy saw you play in Vegas a few
years back...tell him Jimmy.

JIMMY
I used to live there. I watched you
play at the Dunes one night. You bet
a hard eight for a thousand and then
you pressed it for two.

SYDNEY
Did I hit it?

JIMMY
You didn't hit it, but it was
big balls bet and I remembered --

SYDNEY
-- Excuse me.

Sydney grabs his Keno slip from the table, looks up at the
Electronic Keno Board. The numbers flash up on the screen.
His card has no matching numbers -- From the Keno Board, CAMERA
DOLLIES BACK AND RACKS FOCUS TO JIMMY AS HE ENTERS FOREGROUND FRAME,
HE LIGHTS A CIG.

JIMMY
...You gave up big balled bets on
the hard ways to play Keno, is that
what? A sign of aging?

Jimmy laughs hard at his own joke, John joins. Sydney smiles slightly, shoots a look at John, then places his reading glasses in his pocket.

SYDNEY
It passes the time.

JOHN
Sydney and I saw a guy win $38,000
playing Keno once. He played
all day, sat in the same spot,
something like twelve hours...it
must have cost him about four grand
to win the thirty eight, but jesus...

JIMMY
I saw a guy the other night at
the El Dorado who fell down and had
a heart attack at the craps table.
Right in the middle of a hot shoot,
this guy gets all worked up,
he starts sweatin' and shit,
all of a sudden the old motherfucker
just keels over...the joke of it
is the game kept goin'...people screamin,
"Place the four...get an ambulance...place
the six/eight...call nine one one!"
This old bastard's lyin' on the ground,
choking on his tongue, *purple*...and these
people are still shootin' the dice --

KENO GIRL (OC)
-- Keno..Keno...Any winners?

Keno Girl arrives.

SYDNEY
Not here. Try again please.

He hands her another two dollars and the same ticket back. Jimmy watches the Keno Girl leave, focusing on her ass.

JIMMY
Jesus, we're fuckin' surrounded
by pussy here, I mean, hell --

SYDNEY
-- Jimmy.

JIMMY
What...?

SYDNEY
It's not for my ears, but her's.
She can hear that sort of thing
across the lounge...it puts her
in an uncomfortable position.

JIMMY
I doubt if hearing she's got a
great pussy puts her in an
uncomfortable position --

SYDNEY
-- I just don't want it coming
from my table.

JIMMY
Well I don't know if you knew this,
but half the girls in this place
are take-home whore's anyway, they
get off on shit like that...I got
a friend over at the Sand Dune where I *
work, he's in charge of corraling the
cocktail waitresses in that department.
I mean, he's <u>in charge</u>. He's "Pussy Patrol."

John looks to Sydney, spots Sydney's mood, then looks back to Jimmy.

JOHN
...Jimmy...

JIMMY
What?

JOHN
Just...y'know...I dunno --

JIMMY
Hey, I mean, I live up here.
I know what flies and what doesn't
and to tell some cocktail waitress
she's got a nice ass is no crime.
It's a compliment to them. Believe me.

SYDNEY
You said it as she walked away.

The Keno Girl arrives back to drop the ticket.

KENO GIRL
...Your ticket...

JIMMY
Honey, honey, can I ask you a question?

KENO GIRL
What?

JIMMY
Can I tell you first of all:
"You have a very nice ass."

KENO GIRL
Thank you.

JIMMY
My friends here were embarrassed
that I would say that to you.
My question is: Are you embarrassed?

KENO GIRL
No.

JIMMY
(turns to Sydney)
See?
(back to Keno Girl)
You take it as a compliment?

KENO GIRL
Sure.

JIMMY
Good.

KENO GIRL
Do you want to play?

JIMMY
No thank you.

KENO GIRL
(to Sydney)
Good luck, Sir.

Sydney hands her a five dollar tip, she exits.

JIMMY
You see what I'm saying?

SYDNEY
I suppose your right, then.

JOHN
...Jimmy, let's go play....

JIMMY
Still waitin' on our drinks here.

JOHN
We'll get them at the tables.

JIMMY
Good point. Sydney, sir, it was a pleasure to see you again.

SYDNEY
Thank you.

JIMMY
John's got my number, anything you need --

JOHN
-- Syd, I'll see you later?

SYDNEY
Yes.

JOHN
I'll find you back here.

Jimmy and John exit. CAMERA DOLLIES WITH THEM, THEY CLEAR FRAME AND CAMERA MOVES INTO THE KENO BOARD AS THE NUMBERS BEGIN TO FLASH.... CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARDS SYDNEY as he checks the numbers. INTERCUT UNTIL...there are no matching numbers.

Sydney glances towards a corner of the bar, notices Clementine, again flirting with the table of men. IN SLOW MOTION we watch as one of the men hands her a hundred dollar bill. She smiles and says, "Thank you." Sydney looks away. BEAT. He extinguishes his cig.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CASINO - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 24

Sydney walks through the casino, arrives at a half full Craps Table and stands at the head, the boxmen greet him, the PIT BOSS walks over.

PIT BOSS
Hello, sir.

SYDNEY
Good evening.

The Pit Boss hands him a piece of paper, Sydney signs it, checks his watch and the Pit Boss wishes him, "Good luck." Sydney cashes in four hundred dollars and gets chips and begin to place his bets. CAMERA begins a painfully slow ZOOM across the table that eventually arrives at an EXTREME CLOSE-UP. The SOUNDS of the casino, the game and the people begins to BLEND and BUILD...

CUT TO:

25 INT. KENO BAR/LOUNGE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 25

Sydney enters, takes a seat at the bar. The BARTENDER greets him.

BARTENDER
Hello.

SYDNEY
Scotch, please.

The Bartender exits. Sydney glances around the bar. The Bartender arrives back with the drink.

SYDNEY
Have you seen my friend, the young man?

BARTENDER
No I haven't.

SYDNEY
And Clementine?

BARTENDER
She's off.

Sydney hands him a tip, sips his drink. HOLD.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. CASINO/BACK-EXIT/MOTOR LODGE AREA - NIGHT - LATER 26

Sydney exits the casino and into the cold air. He walks, paces the grounds. Snow begins to fall. HOLD. His attention turns across the way, to a small motor-lodge bungalow.

SYDNEY'S POV, ACROSS THE PARKING LOT
Emerging from one of the rooms is Clementine, looking disheveled and worn out. She carries her coat in one hand, tries to brush up as she exits the room.

Sydney watches her. She looks up, notices him and approaches.

CLEMENTINE
Hello....What are you doing out here?

SYDNEY
...fresh air...

CLEMENTINE
I was just visting a friend of mine.

Uncomfortable moment, pause, then:

CLEMENTINE
We're not supposed to be in the rooms, so...I could lose my job --

SYDNEY
-- but you'll get fired if you tell them to leave you alone.

CLEMENTINE
This is something...if the hotel knew --

SYDNEY
-- I understand.

CUT TO:

27 INT. RENO COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT - LATER 27

Sydney and Clementine drink coffee, she eats a piece of apple pie.

SYDNEY
Do you live alone?

CLEMENTINE
Yes...well now I do. I had a roommate, this girlfriend of mine, but it's a big nightmare story.

SYDNEY
Do you go to school?

CLEMENTINE
No. Do I look like I go to school?

SYDNEY
I don't know.

CLEMENTINE
I'm not with all that, y'know?

SYDNEY
What are you saving up for?

CLEMENTINE
..for what...?

SYDNEY
With your job. The money that you make. Are you saving?

CLEMENTINE
No. I have to make money. I have, you know, I have bills. I have an apartment, I have to pay for that -- I have my car, I got a Cammarro, that cost money. So...

SYDNEY
What happend with your roommate?

CLEMENTINE
She met this guy, this loser.
She left off with him to Vegas.
It's no big deal about losing a roommate
but we were really close, so...we took
this apartment -- I feel like she kind of
fucked me over, but it's...whatever.
I like living alone now. I have my cats.
Me and my two cats in a crappy place.

SYDNEY
It's expensive?

CLEMENTINE
For one person...yeah. It's still crappy.

Pause, hold, then;

CLEMENTINE
You look at me as a piece of shit
now because you saw me coming out
of that room --

SYDNEY
No, no, not at all --

CLEMENTINE
-- a good girl just trying to
save up, open a beauty salon?

SYDNEY
Maybe that, yes. I don't know.

CLEMENTINE
I don't want to own a beauty salon.
It's just...so much different than you think --

SYDNEY
Explain it to me, then.

CLEMENTINE
I don't do anything I don't want to do.
I'm not...whatever...you're gonna think
what you're gonna think, so --

SYDNEY
I don't think anything.

CLEMENTINE
Yes you do. You do. You think I'm
something...a slut or something --

SYDNEY
No I don't.

BEAT.

CLEMENTINE
Are you gonna tell John that you saw me?

SYDNEY
No.

CLEMENTINE
Can you tell me, I wanna know...
How do you know him?

CUT TO:

28 EXT. OPENING COFFEE SHOP - DAWN - FLASHBACK 28

This is just moments before the very opening scene of the movie. Sydney sits in his parked car, facing the highway. He adjusts his rearview mirror, looks at John sitting on the ground. BEAT. Sydney exits the car, approaches John and the scene is REPRINTED.

SYDNEY (OC)
Hey...
(pause)
Hey...

JOHN
What?

SYDNEY (OC)
You want a cup of coffee?
(beat)
You want a cigarette?

John looks up. BEAT.

CUT TO:

29 INT. RENO COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT - PRESENT 29

Sydney sips his coffee. Clementine looks across the booth at him.

CLEMENTINE
So you took care of him...?

SYDNEY
Yes.

CLEMENTINE
...and you paid for her funeral?

SYDNEY
Eventually we split the cost.

CLEMENTINE
I think he's pretty adorable; the way he looks up to you -- he orders the same drinks as you do, y'know. He dresses the same.

SYDNEY
Well...we have the same tastes, I suppose.

CLEMENTINE
Do you have...real kids, kids of you own?

SYDNEY
Yes.

CLEMENTINE
You're married?

SYDNEY
-- boy and a girl. No, I'm divorced. I have a son your age and a daughter a few years older.

CLEMENTINE
Where do they live?

SYDNEY
I'm not sure. I haven't spoken to them in a while.

CLEMENTINE
That's too bad.

SYDNEY
Yeah.

CLEMENTINE
Maybe you'll see them.

SYDNEY
Maybe.

The WAITRESS arrives, fills their coffee cups. They sit in awkward silence for a moment, then:

CLEMENTINE
Do you know what the world's best contraceptive is?

SYDNEY
What?

CLEMENTINE
An ugly guy.

Clementine and Sydney laugh a little.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SYDNEY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 30

Sydney and Clementine enter. This is a medium sized suite with an open door leading to the adjacent room.

CLEMENTINE
I've never been in one of the tower rooms. It's nicer than I thought.

Sydney leads her into the adjacent room.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ADJACENT ROOM - THAT MOMENT 31

They enter.

SYDNEY
You'll feel comfortable here, you'll sleep well.

Clementine sits on the bed. Sydney goes to the bathroom, gathers a robe, a T-Shirt and some boxer shorts. He emerges, hands them to Clementine.

CLEMENTINE
Captain?

SYDNEY
Yes.

CLEMENTINE
Do you want to fuck me?

SYDNEY
Do you think that?

CLEMENTINE
You've brought me here.

SYDNEY
Do you think that?

CLEMENTINE
I don't know.

SYDNEY
Well you should know before you ask a question like that.

CLEMENTINE
Well it seems like your being
nice to me --

SYDNEY
-- so I would want that, you would think.

CLEMENTINE
If you wanted to fuck me --

SYDNEY
Stop saying that.

CLEMENTINE
It just seemed --

SYDNEY
-- but don't let it seem that way.
This is a comfortable bed for you.
I want you to sleep in it, to give
you something, a place to have
a nice shower. A bed.

CLEMENTINE
...don't get angry...

SYDNEY
No, no, I'm not...because I understand
how you could ask that question.

Pause, hold, then:

CLEMENTINE
Now you really look at me as
a piece of shit.

SYDNEY
No.

CLEMENTINE
...alright...

SYDNEY
John won't be back until very late
and he won't disturb you.

CLEMENTINE
This is John's room, then.

SYDNEY
Not tonight.

He exits to the adjoining suite, closes the door. Clementine sits.

FADE OUT.
CUT TO:

32 INT. SYDNEY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 32

Sydney wakes up to a knock at the door, he answers. A Room Service Attendant holds a tray of coffee. Sydney signs the bill, tips him.

From the adjacent room (OC) we hear the MUFFLED VOICES of John and Clementine. John is telling her his matchbook-explosion story.

CUT TO:

33 INT. ADJACENT ROOM - THAT MOMENT 33

John is sitting on the end edge of the bed, dressed in the same clothes as the night before. Clementine is sitting up in bed, under the covers. Sydney enters carrying the tray of coffee.

JOHN
Hey...Captain.

CLEMENTINE
Good morning, Captain.

SYDNEY
John, that is a nickname that Clementine has given me, it's not for you.

JOHN
The coffee came to your room, I'm sorry...

SYDNEY
You owe me three fifty.

John reaches for his wallet, Sydney walks past him, gives John a look that says, "Put your fuckin' money away."

CLEMENTINE
(to Sydney)
What are you doing today?

SYDNEY
I don't know. But anything you need to do...if you need to go somewhere or get something...John will take you.

JOHN
Do you need something?

CLEMENTINE
Just to go home and get some clothes.

SYDNEY
Here...
(he offers John some cash)
Go to the mall and get something new.
John will take you.

JOHN
I got money, Syd.
(to Clem)
I'll take you, would you like to go?

CLEMENTINE
Yeah.

SYDNEY
And that's that. I'll see you later.

Sydney goes back in his room. John looks to Clementine. PAUSE.

JOHN
...well...

Clementine smiles at John, he gets her some coffee, gives her a cigarette and lights it for her.

CLEMENTINE
The first one of the day is always the best.

JOHN
You wanna see a trick?

CLEMENTINE
Sure.

John takes the cigarette from his mouth and very carefully places the filtered end in the crease between his forehead and his nose. He squints down, holding the cigarette in place, makes a motion as if he's inhaling, then blows the smoke from his mouth. Clementine laughs hysterically.

JOHN
I can do it with eight cigarettes.
Eight cigarettes in this crease
between my nose and forehead...

CLEMENTINE
Lemme see...

JOHN
No...I gotta go talk to Syd for
a second. I'll be right back.

John exits.

CUT TO:

34 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - THAT MOMENT 34

Sydney buttons up his shirt, lights a cigarette. John enters...

JOHN
Hey.

SYDNEY
Hey.

JOHN
How'd you do last night?

SYDNEY
Fair. You?

JOHN
I won three hundred.

SYDNEY
You didn't show back at the bar.

JOHN
I'm sorry about that, I was with
Jimmy...y'know...y'know...

SYDNEY
Yeah.

JOHN
I'm sorry about Jimmy. It's after the
second drink, he gets...

SYDNEY
It's not a problem.

JOHN
...he gets a little flagrant.

SYDNEY
It's fine.

JOHN
He thinks you don't like him.

SYDNEY
I don't much.

JOHN
Well...

SYDNEY
What?

JOHN
...I don't know...

SYDNEY
Take good care of Clementine today.
Take her anywhere she wants.

John steps up closer to Sydney, motions his head towards the adjacent room, a reference to Clementine. Sydney turns to him.

SYDNEY
What?

JOHN
Y'know...Did you?

SYDNEY
No.

JOHN
Okay, good. Good. Then I'll
see you later, right?

SYDNEY
Probably be in the sports book.

JOHN
Then maybe I'll see you there.

John exits with a BIG FAT GRIN on his face. HOLD.

CUT TO:

35 INT. PEPPERMILL CASINO/SPORTS BOOK AREA - DAY - LATER 35

This is a huge portion of the casino with TEN BIGSCREEN TELEVISION MONITORS playing every sports event that is currently in progress. In a long row of desk, illuminated by a small, personal reading light is Sydney. He keeps an eye on the games, while working a crossword puzzle. A WAITRESS approaches, bringing him a plate of eggs, bacon and a glass of orange juice and a fresh pack of cigarettes. He eats his breakfast. HOLD.

CUT TO:

36 INT. PEPPERMILL CASINO - POKER AREA - DAY - LATER 36

Sydney is sitting at a dimly lit, smoke filled poker table with three other men. CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS THE TABLE. This is a fifty cent buy in, five dollar max.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - EVENING - LATER 37

Sydney changes to a fresh white shirt, puts on his jacket. He moves to a table, writes a note, walks to the next room, places the note on John's bed.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. CASINO - DUSK 38

Sydney exits into the cold air, breaths some fresh air, paces, finishes a cig. HOLD.

CUT TO:

39 INT. CASINO AREA - NIGHT - LATER 39

Sydney is at a crowded craps table. The game is in progress and things are hot. He's got about three thousand dollars in front of him. He plays, as usual, without emotion.

Playing at the opposite end of the table is a YOUNG PLAYER making lots of noise, playing loud and obnoxious and taunting Sydney as he shoots the dice.

YOUNG PLAYER
Alright: Old folks get their bets down. No Stopping. No Waiting.
(to Sydney)
Get it down Old Timer -- Old Fella --.

CAMERA HOLDS ON SYDNEY. HOLD, PAUSE. HE REACTS:

SYDNEY
Two thousand dollar hard eight.

The table skips a beat. The Pit boss strains his neck.

The Dealer near Sydney takes two one thousand dollar chips and places them on the hard eight. (Meaning that the roll must be a 4x4 and no other combination to make an eight.)

The Young Player is given the dice.

YOUNG PLAYER
For that Old Fella at the end...hard eight...

He shoots the dice.

STICKMAN
Six...hard. Hard six. Roll an eight, shooter.

Those who won are paid off...Sydney holds steady. The dice are given to the Young Player.

YOUNG PLAYER
Old man...I'm gonna get you that hard eight...Just make sure you gimme a nice tip.

The Young Player shoots --

STICKMAN
Three, crap dice, ace/deuce...pay the field...Here we go shooter, eight's the point.

YOUNG PLAYER
With the old man at the end of the table, gimme a hundred dollar hard eight...

The Young Player throws a chip to the center of the table, shakes the dice in his hand.

CAMERA DOES AN EXTREMELY FAST DOLLY ACROSS THE TABLE TOWARDS SYDNEY. Young Player shoots the dice. There's a BEAT between when they are thrown and when they land --

SYDNEY
...crack...

The dice land. Easy Eight. A five and a three.

STICKMAN
Eight. It came easy. The point.

Sydney doesn't flinch, he smiles graciously, calls the Pit Boss, signs a piece of paper signaling his exit time from play and walks off with his remaining thousand dollars.

CUT TO:

40 INT. KENO BAR/LOUNGE - NIGHT - LATER 40

Sydney, on his fifth Scotch, drunk as hell, catches the BARTENDER'S attention.

SYDNEY
...have you seen my friend, John, my friend, the young man...

BARTENDER
Not tonight, no sir.

SYDNEY
Clementine...

BARTENDER
She's off.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CASINO/PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT - LATER 41

Sydney drops a dime at a secluded pay phone and dials a number.

SYDNEY
Hello, Arlene. It's Sydney.
....Yes....Yes....how are you...
(beat)
...no, no....I'm just calling to say hello.
(beat)
I'm in Reno. Yes. Yeah, well.
No. I said, I said, "No."
(beat)
It's almost Christmas...
....just to call, I figured I'd call.
(beat)
...are my kids home, are my....
Do you have number? Uh-huh. Uh-huh.
(pause)
Well maybe you can give a message
for me...I'm at the Pepper...Peppermill.
...yeah...it's room number 1508...uh-huh.
(beat)
It would be nice. Well,
it just might be nice...it doesn't...
Okay. Uh-huh. Okay. Well.
(beat)
I guess that's...that's...Yes.
Yes. Okay, well, I'm getting off
the phone now. I'm getting off
the phone now, Arlene. Good bye.

Sydney hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

42 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 42

Sydney staggers in, holding himself up with the walls as he walks.
He opens the door to the adjacent room, looks inside -- no one there.
He makes it to his bed. HOLD.

FADE OUT, FADE IN:

43 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 43

Sydney sleeps. The PHONE RINGS. AGAIN. Sydney wakes, picks up.

SYDNEY
Yeah, hello. Yeah...Yes. Where? Right now.
You okay? Yeah. Right now.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 44

Sydney makes a quick beeline from the Casino Entrance to his car in the parking lot. It's snowing now.

CUT TO:

45 INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 45

CAMERA holds on C.U. of Sydney as he drives the car through downtown Reno. The bright lights reflect in the windshield and the snow gets harder. Sydney turns on the windshield wipers.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. NO-TELL MOTEL - NIGHT 46

Sydney's car parks. He exits. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he searches the small motel complex for a room. He heads up a flight of stairs to a motel room: Number Six. He knocks. HOLD. He knocks again.

SYDNEY
...John..?

JOHN (OC)
Syd?

SYDNEY
Yeah. Open up.

JOHN (OC)
Everything cool?

SYDNEY
What? Yeah, everything's cool.
You alright?

JOHN (OC)
I'm fine.

SYDNEY
...you gonna open the door?

JOHN (OC)
...I said on the phone, it's kinda
screwed up...

SYDNEY
Yeah. So open the door, let's see
what's goin' on...

JOHN (OC)
You promise you'll help me?

SYDNEY
John, it's cold, open the door.

JOHN (OC)
...Is everything cool...?

SYDNEY
John: Open The God Damn Door.

BEAT. We HEAR the sound of John unlatching the chain and unlocking the lock. Sydney holds a moment then opens the door, slowly...

CUT TO:

47 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 47

The door opens a bit and Sydney steps in...It's dark.

SYDNEY
John --

JOHN
-- shut the door --

SYDNEY
Why are the lights off?

JOHN
Leave 'em off.

SYDNEY
I'm not gonna stand here in the dark.

JOHN
-- wait --

Sydney turns on the lights. CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM. He looks around the room. He looks hard at something.

JOHN (OC)
You promised you'd help me.

CAMERA DOES A MEDIUM SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS AN EXTREME CLOSE-UP, THEN:

SYDNEY
...what is this...?

REVERSE ANGLE - OVER SYDNEY'S SHOULDER - THAT MOMENT

A LARGE, MIDDLE AGED MAN, in pants and a tank top t-shirt is handcuffed to the bed. He's lying on his stomach, not moving. Blood on his face, from a cut over his eye.

John stands, holding a REVOLVER by his side, looking at Sydney. Clementine is sitting in the opposite corner of the room, holding her head in her hands.

Sydney steps forward. He examines the Man on the bed.

SYDNEY
Who is this man?

John doesn't respond. Clementine doesn't move.

SYDNEY
...John...Who is this?

JOHN
He's.......a hostage.

SYDNEY
A hostage?

JOHN
Yeah.

SYDNEY
Why?

JOHN
Because...for....money....

SYDNEY
Is he dead?

JOHN
He's just passed out.

SYDNEY
How did he get here?

JOHN
I'm sorry, Syd. I'm so sorry.
I know I fucked up, I know, I know.
I'm sorry.....

Sydney looks to Clementine.

SYDNEY
Clementine --

JOHN
She doesn't want to talk.

SYDNEY
-- Clementine...hey.

CLEMENTINE
What?

SYDNEY
Are you alright?

CLEMENTINE
I'm fine.

SYDNEY
Tell me what happened.

CLEMENTINE
This man won't pay me.

SYDNEY
You know him?

CLEMENTINE
Not before tonight.

SYDNEY
Then how does he owe you money?

CLEMENTINE
I met him in a bar. We came here.

SYDNEY
You came here...what...for sex?

CLEMENTINE
He won't pay what we agreed.

BEAT, HOLD, THEN:

SYDNEY
How did John get here?

JOHN
You can ask me.

SYDNEY
Clementine.

JOHN
She called me.

CLEMENTINE
I asked him to help me.

JOHN
This fuckin' guy hit her, Syd...

HOLD. Sydney examines Clementine's face, she's got a shiner coming in over her left eye. Syd turns to John.

SYDNEY
How long have you been here?

JOHN
Me? Since ten.

SYDNEY
...alright. So why don't you just
let him go...?

JOHN
Whadda 'ya mean? We can't.

SYDNEY
Tell me why.

JOHN
Because he owes her money.

SYDNEY
.....yeah.....so....how much money?

JOHN
Three hundred dollars.

SYDNEY
You're holding this man hostage
for three hundred dollars?

JOHN
It's what he owes her. This fucker
cheated her, Syd.

BEAT. Sydney looks to Clementine. HOLD. He looks back to John.

SYDNEY
Who knows this man is here?

JOHN
Me and Clementine...and you...

SYDNEY
...uh-huh...

JOHN
Yeah.....his wife.

SYDNEY
His wife.

JOHN
She has to get the money.

SYDNEY
I don't understand. How did you
get in touch with his wife?

JOHN
He's staying at the Sands.
Clementine saw her before.

SYDNEY
You talked to this woman, this man's wife?

JOHN
I called her. We told her to get
the money. She said she would.

SYDNEY
Did you tell her where you were?

CLEMENTINE
We're not stupid.

SYDNEY
No, of course not. You're not stupid.

JOHN
We told her we'd call her to let her
know what to do --

CLEMENTINE
-- Are you gonna help us?

SYDNEY
This man knows what you look like.
John, this man knows what you look like, yes?

JOHN
Yeah.

CLEMENTINE
That doesn't matter.

SYDNEY
Oh, it doesn't?

CLEMENTINE
No. Because we're not letting him
go until I get my money.

Sydney thinks, beat, then:

SYDNEY
So what do you want me to do?

JOHN
I don't know.

SYDNEY
This guy's wife has obviously
called the cops...you understand
that, right?

JOHN
Not necessarily.

SYDNEY
<u>Yes</u>, necessarily.

JOHN
She wants to deal with it as much as we do...She's not gonna tell the cops her husband was out screwin' around...I mean, she might not...right?

Clementine looks up.

JOHN
She sounded like she just wanted to get it done with, to get it over and done.

SYDNEY
What did you tell her?

JOHN
I told her to get the money...we'd call --

SYDNEY
-- No. Did you tell her that you'd kill him if she didn't, that you'd, what? What did you tell her?

JOHN
...Yeah...

SYDNEY
<u>Yeah</u>, <u>what</u> John?

JOHN
I told her we'd kill him.

Sydney thinks a BEAT, THEN:

SYDNEY
This a very...fucked up situation.

JOHN
You promised you'd help me.

SYDNEY
No I didn't. I didn't *promise* you anything.

JOHN
But you'll help me, I know you'll help me --

CLEMENTINE
-- you don't have to help us.

SYDNEY
No I don't.

CLEMENTINE
You can leave if you want.

SYDNEY
Clementine: You got yourself in a situation.
I didn't get you here, so humble yourself.
You understand? Humble yourself.

HOLD. Sydney moves to John, holds his hand out for the gun.
John hands it to him.

SYDNEY
Fuck is this, John? Is it loaded?

JOHN
No.

SYDNEY
Where'd you get it?

JOHN
Jimmy.

SYDNEY
Did Jimmy come here?

JOHN
No.

SYDNEY
What does he know about this?

JOHN
Nothing.

CLEMENTINE
Don't say that, John.

JOHN
I'm not.

SYDNEY
What are you saying?

JOHN
Nothing.

Sydney, aggravated now, crosses the room and grabs Clementine.

SYDNEY
...Get up...

He sits her at a table, locks eyes with her.

SYDNEY
Alright: You're gonna answer every question I ask you. You don't look to John, you look at me -- alright? Now when you left the hotel this morning, where did you go?

CLEMENTINE
We went shopping at the mall.

SYDNEY
After that?

CLEMENTINE
We went to my house.

SYDNEY
Why?

CLEMENTINE
Because I wanted to get some clothes.

SYDNEY
(to John)
I told you to buy clothes.

CLEMENTINE
I wanted to go home and get something.

SYDNEY
And...what? Then what?

CLEMENTINE
We had sex.

SYDNEY
...then, yes, what?

CLEMENTINE
I know you're trying to figure this whole thing out, but what happened this morning doesn't matter.

SYDNEY
I will judge that.

CLEMENTINE
Just ask me what happened.

SYDNEY
I'd just like to know how you go from being in the bar in the Sands to in here with this guy -- Where did this thing go wrong?

CLEMENTINE
He thought he was smart and I was stupid and I'm not stupid.

SYDNEY
This is a pretty stupid situation.

CLEMENTINE
We'll see how stupid I am when I get paid, won't we?

SYDNEY
The first thing they should have taught you at hooker school is to get the money first --

JOHN
-- Don't talk like that, Syd --

CLEMENTINE
We asked your help, we don't need to be interrogated --

SYDNEY
Don't get fresh. Don't be a wise ass.

JOHN
-- don't talk to her like that --

SYDNEY
John, I'm talking to Clementine --

JOHN
-- I don't want you to talk to her like that.

SYDNEY
-- John: Shut The Fuck Up.

JOHN
-- I'm warning you, Syd, don't talk to her that way.

SYDNEY
WHY NOT?

JOHN
BECAUSE SHE'S MY WIFE.
(pause)
She's...we got married...this afternoon...

HOLD. BEAT. THEN: THE MAN ON THE BED BEGINS TO MOVE...

MAN
...you're dead...whore...you're dead...

John runs over, and SMASHES HIS FIST into the man's FACE.
He does it AGAIN and AGAIN until the man is back under...BEAT.

SYDNEY
Looks like you're having a
wonderful honeymoon.

Sydney heads for the door, John follows --

JOHN
Syd. No. Syd. Where are you going --

CUT TO:

48 EXT. MOTEL ROOM/BALCONY - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 48

Sydney charges out, John on his heels. It's snowing.

JOHN
Please don't leave, Sydney. Please.

SYDNEY
I can't get involved in this, John.

JOHN
You don't have to be involved,
just don't leave, Syd, please --

SYDNEY
If I stay here, I am involved.
If I stay here, I am part of it,
do you get that?

JOHN
Let's just go back inside, please, let's --

SYDNEY
-- you've got a guy unconscious in there,
a guy...someone you've kidnapped and
are holding for ransom. Do you know how
fucking serious this is?

Sydney stops, breaths a moment, collects a thought, then:

SYDNEY
Now if you want to leave right now,
if you want me to help you get as
far away from here as possible,
just get in your car and go, let's
do that: let's go and do that.

JOHN
What about Clementine?

CUT TO:

49 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 49

Clementine sits at the table. HOLD. OC we hear the muffled voices of Sydney and John. Clementine looks to the man on the bed. Blood has started dripping from his ear.

SYDNEY (OC)
You take her with you, she's your wife. Yes? She's your wife?

JOHN (OC)
I didn't mean for this --

SYDNEY (OC)
-- it doesn't matter, John, you're in it. You're in it up to your fuckin' eyeballs and there's nothing to do except get away.

JOHN (OC)
And go where?

SYDNEY (OC)
Anywhere. Away. Huh, eh, John, hey...look at me...

CUT TO:

50 EXT. MOTEL ROOM/BALCONY - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 50

Sydney and John.

SYDNEY
How much money do you have?

JOHN
Maybe a thousand.

SYDNEY
I've got about six thousand. I can get that to you. But let's just get you away, out from this. Maybe everything'll be fine, this guy'll wake up and he won't remember a thing. But for now, for this moment...the only safe thing to do is leave.

JOHN
If this guy wakes up or his wife calls the cops, whatever, they'll look for me and Clementine.

SYDNEY
That would probably happen, John. Yes.

JOHN
I was thinking something and
I don't know...I don't know, Syd.
But there's something, maybe, you
tell me..you tell me...

SYDNEY
What?

HOLD. PAUSE. John trying to say this thing to Sydney...

JOHN
If he didn't wake up. I mean, I'll do
whatever you say, but I was just thinking,
and I don't know if I ever could...

SYDNEY
Do you want to kill this man, John?

JOHN
.......no.

SYDNEY
Don't say it again. That idea's over.
You kill this man, you live the rest of
your life knowing it. Okay? It's okay.

Sydney looks hard at John.

SYDNEY
How could you let her go off and do this?
You've got money, this isn't good --

JOHN
I didn't know she was going to do
this, Syd...I never...I didn't...
I didn't know --

SYDNEY
Did you really get married? Did you?

JOHN
Yeah. I kept paging you in the casino,
I wanted you to be there. She said "yes."
I didn't want her to say, "no," later on.
We've been seeing her for two months and
I haven't had the guts to say anything.
When I saw her in my bed this morning it
was like a sign from heaven. I know this
is fucked up, but I love this girl, Syd.
I really do.

SYDNEY
Okay. Hey...everything's gonna be
alright, everything's gonna work out.

Sydney grabs John's necks and gives him a squeeze. They go back into the room.

CUT TO:

51 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 51

Sydney and John enter. John approaches Clementine.

JOHN
...we're gonna go, we're gonna leave.
Sydney thinks we should leave.

Sydney walks to the bathroom and grabs a couple towels and starts wiping off everything with a possible fingerprints.

CLEMENTINE
(to John)
Why is he doing that?

SYDNEY
I'm getting rid of your fingerprints.

CLEMENTINE
This guy saw us.

SYDNEY
Maybe he'll wake up, he won't remember.

CLEMENTINE
(to John)
If he doesn't remember when he
wakes up then why are we leaving?

JOHN
If he does, the police'll come,
they'll check --

CLEMENTINE
He's gonna tell them, what? He was
tied and beaten because he wouldn't
pay a whore --

JOHN
Clem...it's just precaution, it's...
Don't say that, don't say that what
you just said.

CLEMENTINE
I'm not going anywhere.

JOHN
We don't have a choice.

CLEMENTINE
I'm telling you right now, John:
This man owes me. He fucked me
and he's going to pay me.

JOHN
Don't be crazy...honey, honey,
don't be...I mean, the only thing
that we can do, that we have a chance
at...is if we leave.
(looks to Sydney for help)
Syd...

CLEMENTINE
I'll tell you that you can leave,
but I'm not.

JOHN
Do you want to get caught and go to jail?

CLEMENTINE
I want my money.

JOHN
Clementine, let's just...let's listen
to Sydney...Sydney knows...he knows...

CLEMENTINE
If I get caught, I won't tell them
about you, if that's what you're thinking.

JOHN
That's not why, Jesus Christ, Clementine,
you're my wife...I mean...I'm telling you this.

CLEMENTINE
You're not telling me anything
because I'm your wife.

JOHN
Clem: You're gonna drive me nuts with
this...now do you wanna stay...wanna
be separated from our marriage? From me?

CLEMENTINE
I don't care.

John flinches. HOLD.

JOHN
Fuck you then. You fucking bitch.
...You fuckin' whore...

CLEMENTINE
...FUCK YOU, JOHN...

John slaps her face. Sydney steps in, pushes John away...

JOHN
Jesus, I'm sorry, Clementine, I'm sorry --
-- Oh my God, Clem, I'm sorry --

...Sydney kneels down to Clementine.

SYDNEY
-- shut-up, John...listen, hey,
my darling Clementine listen to me:
If you stay here you will get caught.
Okay? We're talking about kidnapping,
extortion...other things, I don't know what,
but not good things, honey. Listen to me here:
You have got to come with us. Alright, you're
John's wife now. That's something.
You better hold on to that and leave here.
Okay, honey, hey, look at me, look at me --
Do you love John?

CLEMENTINE
He slapped my face.

SYDNEY
Do you love him?

CLEMENTINE
Yes.

SYDNEY
You've got that. You love him and
he loves you. You're not gonna spoil
it on this bullshit.

HOLD ON CLEMENTINE. Tears in her eyes.

CLEMENTINE
Alright.

SYDNEY
Where did these handcuffs come from?

CLEMENTINE
...They're mine...

SYDNEY
Give me the keys.

CLEMENTINE
What for?

SYDNEY
So I can unlock him.

She rummages her purse, finds the keys. Sydney walks to the man, unlocks the handcuffs. He takes a closer look at the man, listens for breathing.

SYDNEY
You hit him with the gun?

JOHN
Yeah.

Sydney slips the handcuffs in his pocket and ushers them towards the door -- they're steps away -- THEN:

The PHONE RINGS. Sydney, Clementine and John stop.

SYDNEY
Who is that, who's calling?

JOHN
I don't know --

SYDNEY
Who know's you're here?

CLEMENTINE
Jimmy knows we're here.

JOHN
He knows, but it doesn't matter.
It doesn't matter, let's just go.

The PHONE STOPS RINGING...the MAN starts to MOVE, he starts to wake up again...

Sydney walks quickly to him, takes the butt of the gun and HITS the man over the HEAD...Sydney turns to them...

SYDNEY
...right now...let's go...

As they exit, the PHONE RINGS AGAIN. They close the door.

HOLD INSIDE THE ROOM ON THE MAN. More blood is coming from his nose, ear and now above his eye. The phone rings and rings.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. MOTEL ROOM/BALCONY - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 52

Syd, John and Clem walking. CAMERA leads them to their cars...

JOHN
Sydney, I'm sorry I lied about
Jimmy...I knew --



SYDNEY
We'll talk away from here. Take your car, follow me to Clementine's.
(to her)
You're gonna come with me. Now tell me the man checked in I take it, yes, tell me that.

CLEMENTINE
Yeah.

SYDNEY
Did anyone see you, the man behind the counter?

CLEMENTINE
No.

SYDNEY
What about in the bar, at the Sands?

CLEMENTINE
It was packed.

SYDNEY
The guy had a specific friend, sitting at the bar with him --

CLEMENTINE
No.

Clem and Sydney get into his car and drive off --

CUT TO:

53 INT. CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 53

Clementine enters the dark house, moves to the bedroom and starts to pack a bag. A few moments later, John enters, helps her with her things. Her two small cats run around her, hungry to be fed. She finishes throwing a few essentials in a suitcase; she hands it to John and he exits. She feeds the cats.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 54

Clementine locks the front door and runs from the house. She hops in Sydney's car. John follows as they drive off.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. PARKING LOT - PEPPERMILL HOTEL - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 55

The cars are parked side by side. Clementine and Sydney wait for John. The snow fall is light now.

CLEMENTINE
I'm really scared, Captain.

SYDNEY
I know.

She starts to cry softly. He hugs her.

SYDNEY
You be strong and take good care of John.

CLEMENTINE
I'm embarrassed...and I feel like I might piss my pants...
(beat)
I have two cats...

SYDNEY
...I remember.

CLEMENTINE
Will you feed them while I'm gone?

Sydney nods, "Yes." She reaches in her purse, gives him the keys to her house, then takes out a VIDEO TAPE.

CLEMENTINE
There's something...for you...
...it's our wedding. We wanted it taped so you could watch.

SYDNEY
Thank you.

CLEMENTINE
I don't know, I don't know why I did this.
I'm so stupid, I don't know why - fuck -
I'm sorry.

SYDNEY
(touches her face)
It's okay, now.

John approaches carrying his suitcase.

JOHN
I'm ready.

SYDNEY
Alright, listen: You just got married.
You're on your honeymoon.

CLEMENTINE
What about my job?

SYDNEY
I'll talk to the casino, tell them
you've fallen in love, eloped and
run off, but you'll return. You'll
call me tomorrow and we'll see where
things are.
(to John)
...You've got money...

JOHN
Yeah.

SYDNEY
I'll get you some more money
as you need it, as much as I have,
as much as you will need.
(looks to Clementine)
Do you understand? As much money as I have.

She nods. Sydney turns back to John.

SYDNEY
Alright, now: Where are you gonna go?

JOHN
I don't know.

SYDNEY
Go to...go to...what, I don't know...

JOHN
Vegas.

SYDNEY
Jesus Christ no, don't go to Vegas,
go to...Phoenix, how about Phoenix?

JOHN
Why?

CLEMENTINE
What about Niagara Falls?

SYDNEY
Fine.

JOHN
No, no. No Niagara Falls.

SYDNEY
Why not?

JOHN
I've been there.

SYDNEY
Jesus Christ, John.

CLEMENTINE
It's a regular honeymoon place.

JOHN
But I've been there --

SYDNEY
JOHN: Go to Niagara Falls.

JOHN
Fine.

SYDNEY
(to Clementine)
Give me a hug now.

Clementine and Sydney hug and kiss, then he hugs John.

SYDNEY
Hey, John: Look at me, hey:
Alright? I'm not gonna let
anything happen to you. This is fine.

JOHN
Yeah.

SYDNEY
Take good care of Clementine.

JOHN
I will.

SYDNEY
Alright. Drive the speed limit.

They get in their car and drive off. CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS SYDNEY. THE SUN IS ABOUT TO COME UP. BEAT. CAMERA DOLLIES behind him as he approaches a storm drain/gutter in the street. He throws the HANDCUFFS and the REVOLVER in the drain.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. WELLS AVE./RENO STREET - DAWN 56

John's car FLIES past CAMERA and heads out of town.

CUT TO:

57 INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING - DAWN 57

John is driving, Clementine is bundled in the passenger's seat.

JOHN
Are you tired?

CLEMENTINE
Not really.

JOHN
If you want to get it anuled...

CLEMENTINE
Do you?

JOHN
No.

CLEMENTINE
I'm sorry.

John cracks his window, smells the air.

JOHN
Greaswood and sage. Smells good.

She looks out the window and says:

CLEMENTINE
I won't fuck us up again, John.
I promise you. I promise.

CUT TO:

58 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 58

Sydney walks in, takes off his coat, moves to the adjacent room and cleans it up a bit. He crumples the note he wrote earlier to John. He sits in a chair, lights a cigarettes. Outisde the window, the sun is coming up. HOLD.

CUT TO:

59 INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING 59

CAMERA does a SLOW PAN from Clementine, asleep in the passenger seat...to John, behind the wheel. He drags from his cig.

CUT TO:

60 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - MORNING 60

Sydney's cig has burned to the butt. He sleeps in his chair.

FADE OUT.
FADE IN:

61 INT. CASINO SPORTS BOOK AREA - AFTERNOON/LATER 61

Syd flips through the paper, looking for something. The WAITRESS bring his eggs and coffee and delivers a pack of cigarretes to him. He sets down the paper and eats.

CUT TO:

62 INT. POKER AREA - AFTERNOON/LATER 62

Sydney plays with a few other men. CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS, ARRIVING CU.

CUT TO:

63 INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY 63

Clementine is driving, John in the passenger seat;

CLEMENTINE
I can't believe I just thought of this...
do you wanna hear a funny story? Oh my god --

JOHN
What?

CLEMENTINE
There was this guy and this girl,
I don't know them, my friend knew
the girl and she told me about this
story...oh my god...so this guy and
this girl -- they went to high school together.
And all through high school, they really
like each other but they were always
together with other people. But still,
on the side, they were always looking
at each other, smiling and kind of noticing
each other, but nothing ever happens.
So they graduate and they both go off
to different colleges and two years pass --
and it's summer vacation and they're both
back in town, back from school and they happen
to bump into each other on the street.
"Oh my God, Hi How Are You?" "What are you up to?"
"Nothing, what about you?" "Oh you know,
same old thing." They're both thinking
about each other's boyfirend and girlfriend
from high school, rigt? So he asks her,
"Are you still going out with so and so...?"
(MORE)

CLEMENTINE (contd.)
She says, "No, we broke up..." She says to him, "Are you still going out with..." He says, "No, it didn't work out, we broke up." So they're both like: cool, this could work out. So they get together that night, they have a date, they go and eat, they have a beautiful and great dinner....they're both a little nervous, though. So outside the restaraunt, they have their first kiss -- and it's beautiful and sweet and perfect. So they look at each other and he says, "Come stay with me, let's go back to my apartment." They agree -- but then he remembers he's got his roommate and all this so it won't work out. She's staying with her parents so that won't really work - but she tells him she has this empty apartment that she's about to move into but there's nothing in it -- no water, or heat, electricity, just a matress -- well they finally decide and say, "All we need is a matress, let's go to the apatment." So they go back...they have sex and it's great...no first time jitters, nothing awkward, it's just like....perfect, right? Perfect sex and they're totally, totally in love. Afterwards, they're in bed, they're naked and holding each other in their arms and she starts feeling his body, she feels his back and she says, "You're so skinny, I never realized you were so skinny." He says, "No I'm not..." And he stands up -- and he's showing her his body, he says, "It's all muscle, y'know, look:" So he turns his back to her and lifts his arms up like this -- and he tightens up, flexing his back muscles real hard and -- BOOM! This projectial terd shoots right out of his butt and lands SMACK on her neck....this poo hits her right on the neck -- Now remember, they're in this apartment with no towels, no water, nothing -- so they get up -- get dressed, they drive down to a gas station and they have to hose her off -- they hose this poo off her neck -- and then he drove her to her parents house and that was it -- they never spoke again -- can you believe that?

CAMERA goes to John for reaction. He's stunned and speechless.

CLEMENTINE
John?

He shakes his head.

CUT TO:

64 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER 64

Sydney gets dressed in his usual white shirt, black pants, smokes a cig. The VIDEO TAPE of Clem/John's wedding plays on the TV.

CUT TO:

65 INT. CASINO/CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT - LATER 65

CAMERA holds on Sydney as he plays. He lacks focus on the game. BEAT. He collects his chips and walks off.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. NO-TELL MOTEL - NIGHT 66

CAMERA holds on the motel (the scene of the crime) then does a SLOW BOOM DOWN. Sydney enters FRAME, sitting in his car, parked across the street. He looks towards Motel Room Number Six.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. ROADSIDE MOTEL/MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - NIGHT 67

Clementine and John dash from the car and into a small motel room as quickly as possible in the pouring RAIN...THE SOUND OF THE RAIN BLENDS OVER...

CUT TO:

68 INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL ROOM - LATER 68

...to the SOUND of the SHOWER. CAMERA begins on the bathroom door then PANS to John, sitting on the bed...on the phone...

JOHN
...1508. Yes.
(long pause)
I'll try back.

The SHOWER stops and a few beats later, Clementine exits, brushing her hair. John reaches in his pockets for a piece of paper with a phone number. He dials.

JOHN
....Jimmy? Hey. Yeah. Everything's fine.
What about there? Cool, cool.
That's good. Have you talked to Syd?
He has it - well - yeah.
He's there, he should be there.
We're going to Niagara Falls.
Maybe day after tommorrow. Yeah.
Thanks for everything. I know, but thanks.
I'll talk to you then. Yeah, yeah. Bye.

He hangs up, looks to Clementine.

JOHN
Everything is fine back there.

CLEMENTINE
Did you talk to Sydney?

JOHN
He wasn't home.

She finishes brushing her hair, approaches John, sits on his lap.

CLEMENTINE
Do you love me?

JOHN
Yes.

CLEMENTINE
Will you forgive me for stupid things I've done?

JOHN
Yeah.

CLEMENTINE
Why?

JOHN
Because I have to.

BEAT.

JOHN
You have a really pretty face, Clem.

CLEMENTINE
Thank you.

JOHN
You're my wife.

CLEMENTINE
You're my husband.

JOHN
I can't believe it.

CLEMENTINE
Well get used to it.

They kiss.

FADE OUT, FADE IN:

69 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER 69

Sydney walks towards his room, his head in the paper, holding his morning coffee. He walks past a MAID'S CART outside his open door, enters his room.

CUT TO:

70 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - MORNING - THAT MOMENT 70

Sydney crosses, sets the paper down, turns on a reading light, takes out his glasses and starts to give the paper a look. BEAT. OC from the adjacent room we hear the SOUNDS of the VACUUM.

Sydney rises, walks to the TELEVISION. CAMERA DOLLIES behind him, he flips the set on without a look. There's a note taped on the screen reading "Sydney." He takes it, looks inside;

ANGLE, CU. THE NOTE.
CAMERA PANS past the words on the page, catching glimpses; "....Sydney...." "...meet me...." "...to talk..." "....Jimmy..."

CUT TO:

71 EXT. SANDS HOTEL - NIGHT 71

Sydney's car pulls up and parks in the lot. He gets out, CAMERA follows him as he roams around -- He lights a cigarette, glances --

SYDNEY'S POV - ACROSS THE PARKING LOT
A parked car is FLASHING it's lights.

Sydney approaches. Inside the car is Jimmy, Sydney gets in.

CUT TO:

72 INT. JIMMY'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT 72

Jimmy and Sydney.

JIMMY
Can you please not smoke in here?

Sydney doesn't respond.

JIMMY
Seriously, can you please not smoke in here. I mean, the smoke smell gets in the apholstry and it fucks up the resale value like crazy.

SYDNEY
What do you want from me?

JIMMY
I want you to please put out --

SYDNEY
-- I'm not putting out the cigarette.

JIMMY
Alright: Can I have one then?

BEAT. Sydney gives him a cigarette.

JIMMY
You got my note?
(beat)
No, you just *guessed* that I was here,
of course you got my note.

SYDNEY
What do you want?

JIMMY
Nothing.

SYDNEY
Do you have something to say?

JIMMY
Well that was a really fucked up
situation back there and you...I mean,
you took care of it. John and Clementine
are safe, I think, yes?

SYDNEY
You were there.

JIMMY
Just for a minute.

SYDNEY
You know that guy?

JIMMY
The guy?....that fucked Clementine?
No. I don't know him....but I saw him today.

SYDNEY
You saw him?

JIMMY
This morning in the casino, walking
around like nothing happened.

SYDNEY
Maybe he didn't call the cops.

JIMMY
He didn't.

SYDNEY
...You're so sure...

JIMMY
I've been here all night, all day,
the motel's right across the street,
they weren't there, I would've seen them.
This guy's just trying to avoid
a personal embarrassment.

SYDNEY
What about his wife?

JIMMY
I'm sure he's got a lot of explaining to do.

SYDNEY
You don't think she called the cops, huh?

JIMMY
They would have come by, they would've
been around.

SYDNEY
This guy see you?

JIMMY
He was knocked out by the time
I got there.

BEAT, THEN:

JIMMY
John and Clementine are safe then, huh?

SYDNEY
It seems that way.

JIMMY
Well that's it then. Everybody's
in the clear, yeah? I mean:
Nobody knows anything, except you
and me and Clementine and John...

SYDNEY
You gave John a gun.

JIMMY
He was scared, he thought he
might need it. It wasn't loaded.
I wouldn't give John a loaded
weapon-you still have my gun?

SYDNEY
I threw it away.

JIMMY
...damn...I loved that gun.

SYDNEY
Why did you want to talk to me?

JIMMY
It's alright you threw my gun away.
I have others --

SYDNEY
-- I was there with John and Clementine.
You were there, yes. You want something now?

JIMMY
I'm not calling you here to say,
"I know about this situation and
I'm gonna squaak unless I get a piece
of pie." John's a friend, Clementine's a doll,
you're an old-timer, a classic...I've got
a certain amount of respectability.
What is there to get anyway?

SYDNEY
Yes. So now: what then?

JIMMY
We're in it together.

SYDNEY
That's right.

JIMMY
John and Clementine are on their
way to safety in Niagara Falls.
Everything will be fine then.

BEAT. THEN:

SYDNEY
When did you talk to them?

JIMMY
Last night.

ANOTHER BEAT, THEN:

JIMMY
This motel thing has nothing to do
with anything anymore...I mean, shit,
thankfully...that's done. That's over.

BEAT. HOLD.

JIMMY
I didn't mention it in my note,
but I wanted to make you aware,
that I know some things about
Atlantic City.

SYDNEY
Uh-huh.

JIMMY
...I know some things about Atlantic City.

Sydney laughs a little, thinks to himself. Jimmy laughs with him.

73 EXT. SANDS PARKING LOT/JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT 73

Sydney gets out of the car. Jimmy follows a few steps behind.

JIMMY
Sydney, Syd, hey: Don't walk away from me,
I said something to you. I said: I've heard
the story about Atlantic City.

SYDNEY
What, what, what? Huh? Tough guy?
You can tell me? You can tell me, what?

JIMMY
I haven't told John, but I know
some things about Atlantic City.

Sydney turns away, starts to walk. BEAT.

JIMMY
You shot his father in the face, Captain.

Sydney doesn't stop...he walks to his car, gets in with a
little trouble finding the right key...

JIMMY
Where are you going?

...he finds the right key, gets in the car.

CUT TO:

74 INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 74

Sydney gets behind the wheel, drops the keys before reaching the
ignition, he picks them up, gets the right key -- starts the car --

The PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW IS SMASHED...
...glass sprays Sydney, who turns, looks...Jimmy holds the GUN
pointed at Sydney through the BROKEN PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW.

JIMMY
Turn the car off.

SYDNEY
Don't...

JIMMY
Turn it off, man, I'll shoot you.
I swear to God I'll shoot you right
in the foot and let it bleed --

Sydney turns the car off.

JIMMY
John doesn't know that you killed his
father but I'll tell him.
I'll <u>tell</u> John that. I am threatening
you with a word. Do you understand?

SYDNEY
Yes.

JIMMY
Do you want me to do it?

SYDNEY
No.

JIMMY
I want ten thousand dollars to
keep my mouth shut for you.

SYDNEY
I don't have...I don't have ten
thousand dollars, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Bullshit. Yes you do.

SYDNEY
I don't have it.

JIMMY
I will find him in Niagara Falls
and tell him.

SYDNEY
Please don't.

JIMMY
Ten Thousand Dollars, Sydney.

SYDNEY
I'll get it.

JIMMY
Yes you will.

SYDNEY
When?

JIMMY
Right Now.

SYDNEY
I can't now. It's impossible.

JIMMY
No...bullshit --

SYDNEY
Right now, it's just, it's impossible.
It's not possible.

JIMMY
Are you saying, "No." Is that what you're
saying to me...you fuckin' idiot -- you
don't know me, you don't know that I'll put
bulletts in you for it --

SYDNEY
I can get it tomorrow.

JIMMY
No you can't get it tomorrow.
You have to get it now.

SYDNEY
Please don't point the gun, Jimmy.

Jimmy jams the GUN POINT BLANK to Sydney's head.

SYDNEY
NO. FUCK. PLEASE.

JIMMY
YOU GET IT NOW.

SYDNEY
DON'T. FUCKING. NO.

JIMMY
You get the money now, man. You understand me?
Huh? Call me a tough guy? Yeah, I'm a tough guy.
This gun in your face is tough, in'it?

Jimmy COCKS THE GUN.

SYDNEY
I can give you six thousand. That's what
I have, that's all that I have.

JIMMY
Then that's what you give me.

SYDNEY
When?

JIMMY
Fuck you. Fuck you. Don't do that.
Where is it?

SYDNEY
I have it. In the bank. It's in the bank.

BEAT. Jimmy pockets the gun, looks across at Sydney.
Jimmy walks around the front of the car, opens Sydney's door.

JIMMY
It's your glass, sit in it.

Sydney shifts himself over to the passenger seat. Jimmy gets in.

CUT TO:

75 INT./EXT PEPPERMILL HOTEL - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 75

CAMERA shooting through the lobby doors to see; Sydney's car pulls up. They get out, a young VALET takes the keys from Jimmy, hands him a ticket. Jimmy then hands the ticket over to Sydney and they enter the hotel.

CUT TO:

76 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 76

Sydney and Jimmy walking. They enter Syd's room.

CUT TO:

77 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 77

They enter.

JIMMY
Sit there, on the bed.

Syd does so. Jimmy looks around for a bit, finally takes a seat in a chair.

JIMMY
Do have a cigarette?

Sydney hands him one, Jimmy lights up.

JIMMY
Do you want some coffee?

SYDNEY
No.

JIMMY
We are going to be here until
John calls or the bank opens.
Do you understand? I'm gonna
order some coffee.

Jimmy dials room service.

JIMMY
Can I get some coffee up here please.
Yes. A large pot. Yeah. Thank you.

Jimmy looks at Sydney. HOLD. Long silence.

JIMMY
You've got to understand that this
is...not easy for me. You understand?

SYDNEY
Yeah.

JIMMY
John is a friend and you are his friend.
What I mean, what I believe is that:
You killed his father as the stories
I've heard go. And if someone killed my
father, well...even though I don't get
along with my old man, I would still feel
some sort of need to do something.
(pause)
So you understand where I'm coming from?
I'm coming as John's friend.

Sydney keeps quiet.

JIMMY
A guy only gets one dad and you
killed his. The way I heard the
story...(stories get around)...
you used to be a hard ass.
You were a hard ass and you took
his dad out, Sydney. So you think,
what? Maybe you can just walk through
this life without being punished for it?
Shit, man. I know all those guys
you know -- Floyd Gondolli, Jimmy Gator
and the whole crowd. Talk, talk, talk,
people love to tell stories.
(MORE)

JIMMY (contd.)
Y'know, you can look at me sideways all you want, maybe you think I'm some asshole or something, but I'm not a killer like you.
(long pause, then;)
You know you walk around like your Mr. Cool or Mr. Wisdom but you're not...you're just an old hood. The other night in the bar: Ask me a question like, "Do I do parking lot security?" I know what that means, Sydney. The answer is: No. I'm trusted with security inside the casino. I'm trusted security and I don't fuck it up.

SYDNEY
It's good to see you have a sturdy sense of responsibility.

Jimmy SLAPS Sydney's face hard.

JIMMY
Don't, don't, don't fuckin' do that. You understand? I can see right through that shit. You look at me as some fuckin' idiot? Huh? Yeah, I know you -- I know you -- You guys, you old hoods man, you think you're so fuckin' above it, so high and mighty and what am I to you, huh? Just some loser? Well, no. No. Not right now. Not with a gun in my hand and the facts I know.

Jimmy paces some more, collects his calm, extinguishes his cig, empties the ashtray, looks at Sydney;

JIMMY
No matter how hard you try you're not his father, Sydney.

SYDNEY
I have the money here.

BEAT. Jimmy and Sydney hold a look.

SYDNEY
I have the six thousand dollars here. It's not in the bank. I have it here.

JIMMY
I knew that you did.

SYDNEY
I'll give it to you now, but I will
ask you this: I will ask you something,
a favor...something that's crucial to
this transaction.

JIMMY
What?

SYDNEY
I don't want to die...

There's a KNOCK at the door.

VOICE (OC)
Room Service.

Jimmy opens the door. Room Service enters, hands over the coffee,
looks for one of them to sign the bill. Sydney takes it, signs it.
Room Service exits.

JIMMY
Thanks for the coffee.

Jimmy pours himself a cup, but leaves it sitting on the table,
looks at Sydney;

SYDNEY
I have the money to give you.
Right now, in this moment:
I'll give you all that I have.
Maybe before you were going to
kill me. Maybe, I don't know.
I know John and I love him like
he was my own child, but I can tell
you this: I don't want to die.
I killed his father. I can tell you
what it was, but this is not an excuse.
I'm not begging for clemency.
All that matters: I don't wish to sacrifice my
life for John's well being, but I will
sacrifice this money for mine. Because
you have asked me...because after this I have
done all I can do for John and for myself,
I will ask you, with all the sincerity
and heart that I have: Please don't put
a bullet in me and please don't tell John
what I have done. I trust that once I give
you this money you and I will have separate
paths and that this negotiation will settle
everything. That's what I hope.
I don't want to die.

Jimmy holds eyes on him. PAUSE, THEN:

HYSTERICAL MAN (OC)
...I DON'T WANNA DIE...

ANGLE, CLOSE-UP. SYDNEY.

HYSTERICAL MAN (OC)
...Please, I don't wanna die...

CUT TO:

78 INT. APARTMENT ROOM/ATLANTIC CITY - DAY - FLASHBACK 78

The FACE of John's father, ARTHUR in TEARS. He looks INTO CAMERA.

ARTHUR
...I CAN'T DIE, SYDNEY.

SYDNEY
Stop saying that, Arthur.

ARTHUR
I'LL DO WHATEVER THEY SAY. WHATEVER YOU
TELL ME TO DO, I'LL DO IT.

SYDNEY
I just want you to calm down for
Christ's sake. Your wife and child
are in the next room, just calm down.

ARTHUR
MY BABY, SYD, MY BABY, FOR MY SON.
FOR MY SON. FOR MY SON, YOU WON'T.

WIDER ANGLE IN THE APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT

A one bedroom place. 1966. Sydney, obviously younger, stands
up from a chair, walks to Arthur, picks him up from his knees.

SYDNEY
...I won't hurt you. You know that.
Do you believe I won't hurt you?

ARTHUR
I believe you.

SYDNEY
Come sit in the chair.

Arthur and Sydney sit face to face. HOLD.

SYDNEY
Do you have anything? If you put
forth an effort...

ARTHUR
I've got sixty dollars to my name.
My kid...my kid...he needs shots and
all this other shit...hospital bills
and all that...it's just...it's all
fucked. He can't do this to me, not
for thirty-eight hundred bucks, <u>he can't</u>.

SYDNEY
You know you're not gonna get shot
up over this...

ARTHUR
...he sends you to talk to me, I know
it means something, Syd...

SYDNEY
He knows that I know you, he figured
I could talk...

ARTHUR
...You know me...you know me...The next
person here....I don't want to die,
Sydney. Look at my child, look at my
child, Sydney.

SYDNEY
Stop it.

ARTHUR
I used to be in on jobs. I was in
on some big jobs, you've heard the
stories about me. Shit, this was before
you were even around, but I was in it.
I was eyes and ears, Syd.

SYDNEY
I know.

ARTHUR
And now what?

SYDNEY
You've got a problem.

ARTHUR
That's over. I'm done with that shit.
On my child's eyes, that shit is over.
You're my friend...

SYDNEY
...I'm your friend.

ARTHUR
Just a month ago, I was in it.
Remember the Baltimore job?

SYDNEY
I remember.

ARTHUR
It went wrong, but you took care of it.

SYDNEY
Yeah.

ARTHUR
..The next person that comes...

SYDNEY
Be quiet now.

They sit in silence for a moment. Sydney looks into the kitchen, through a pair of glass doors.

SYDNEY'S POV - INTO THE KITCHEN
A young baby being breast fed by his MOTHER. She glances at Sydney.

Sydney takes a hundred dollar bill from his pocket, hands it to him.

SYDNEY
You might want to be a little harder to find, Arthur.

ARTHUR
It doesn't matter.

SYDNEY
Don't put it in your arm, put it in your child's stomach.

Sydney leaves. HOLD. Arthur looks to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

79 INT. SYDNEY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT MOMENT 79

Jimmy and Sydney. Back to the scene. QUICK DOLLY IN ON JIMMY;

JIMMY
Where's the money?

SYDNEY
It's with the hotel. In the safe.

JIMMY
Yeah. Then...

SYDNEY
All that I have, I'll give you.

JIMMY
And you'll get it.

CUT TO:

80 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 80

Sydney signs a paper and is handed the money. Jimmy stands nearby. Sydney, with money in an envelope, turns to Jimmy.

JIMMY
Not here.

Sydney follows Jimmy....CAMERA loses them --

CUT TO:

81 INT. SERVICE HALLWAY/AREA - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 81

Sydney and Jimmy enter through a side door and into a service hallway area. Racks, crates and maintenance things around.

Sydney hands him the envelope. Jimmy takes it, looks inside. BEAT, THEN. Jimmy raises the GUN into Sydney's face.

JIMMY
That's right...and that's that.

BEAT. He lowers the gun, walks off. HOLD ON SYDNEY'S FACE.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. ATLANTIC CITY/ALLEY-WAY - FLASHBACK - DAY 82

Arthur sits on the ground, Sydney paces around.

ARTHUR
I wanted to talk to you about it first, cause I knew you'd hear or maybe you heard.

SYDNEY
Uh-huh.

BEAT, THEN:

ARTHUR
I won't tell them anything about you, Sydney.

SYDNEY
What did they ask?

ARTHUR
Lots of things...Baltimore, the thing, Baltimore.

CAMERA NOW HOLDS ON SYDNEY THROUGH ENTIRE SEQUENCE.

ARTHUR (OC)
They waved it, but I didn't bite, Syd.
I didn't bite and I wanted you to know that.

SYDNEY
They ask anything else?

ARTHUR (OC)
They asked about everybody.

SYDNEY
You didn't tell them anything.

ARTHUR (OC)
Nothing. I won't. I didn't.

SYDNEY
I know.

ARTHUR (OC)
They talked about protection for me
and all this other stuff, but you know,
you know...I held strong, Syd. I held
strong....I held...like a man.

CAMERA DOES A SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS SYDNEY.

SYDNEY
Can I ask you a question?

ARTHUR (OC)
Anything.

SYDNEY
Don't lie to me.

ARTHUR (OC)
I'd never lie to you, Sydney.

SYDNEY
Are off the drugs?

ARTHUR (OC)
Yes.

Sydney turns and faces Arthur, who verges on tears. Sydney holds a look on him. Arthur looks at Sydney's hand stuffed in his coat pocket. Sydney takes a few steps back....

ARTHUR
....Syd....Sydney....Sydney....
Listen to your name, listen to me
say your name: Sydney. Sydney. Please.

...SYDNEY RAISES THE REVOLVER FROM HIS COAT POCKET, INTO FRAME, POINTED AT ARTHUR.

ARTHUR
...My baby...for my little, John, my child --

SYDNEY FIRES THE GUN INTO ARTHUR'S FACE. OC we HEAR a PHONE RINGING. Sydney places the REVOLVER in Arthur's hand and walks quickly off, down the alley and away. OC PHONE RINGING CONTINUES OVER...

CUT TO:

83 INT. SYDNEY'S ROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 83

Sydney sits on the edge of his bed. A packed suitcase sits next to him. The phone RINGS. He finally picks it up.

SYDNEY
Hello?

INTERCUT TO:

84 INT. TRUCK STOP PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 84

John in a phone booth off a highway, Clementine is waiting by the car.

JOHN
Syd, hey, Syd? You there? It's John.

SYDNEY (OC)
I can barely hear you.

John closes the phone booth door.

JOHN
How's that?

SYDNEY (OC)
Where are you?

JOHN
We're in ----. We should be there tomorrow morning, afternoon sometime. How's everything back there?

SYDNEY
Everything is fine.

JOHN (OC)
No problems, nothing?

SYDNEY
How's Clementine?

JOHN (OC)
She's good. She sends her love.

SYDNEY
Do the same for me.

JOHN (OC)
I really love her, Syd. I mean:
I really do.

SYDNEY
I know.

JOHN (OC)
What are you gonna do now?

SYDNEY
I'll be here for a while.

JOHN (OC)
Maybe I can come back in a few weeks.

SYDNEY
Maybe.

JOHN (OC)
Are you winning?

SYDNEY
Sure I am.

JOHN (OC)
I miss the tables already.

SYDNEY
Yeah.

JOHN (OC)
So that's good, the thing, it's good
then, yeah?

SYDNEY
Yes.

JOHN
Alright, listen: I'm sure this
thing is gonna run out of change
any second so I'll say so long now.
I'll call you once I get there.

SYDNEY
John, I need to tell you something --

JOHN
What?

SYDNEY
I need you to know something, something important...I need to tell you...

Sydney....CAMERA DOLLIES IN CLOSE....

SYDNEY
John: I love you. I love you like you were my own son.

JOHN
Thank you.

SYDNEY
Call me tommorrow, when you get there.

JOHN
I love you too....

SYDNEY
Okay....I'll speak to you then.

JOHN
Bye.

CAMERA stays with Sydney.

CUT TO:

85 INT. HOTEL LOBBY/CHECK OUT COUNTER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 85

Sydney signs a piece of paper, hands over his ROOM KEY. A BELL HOP comes for his luggage, Sydney hands him his valet ticket.

SYDNEY
Have them bring my car around, please.

Bell Hop exits, Sydney walks towards the lounge.

CUT TO:

86 INT. KENO BAR/LOUNGE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 86

Sydney is talking to the BAR MANAGER (who's also the LOUNGE SINGER from the opening.)

SYDNEY
...it was a last minute thing. She apologizes for not letting you know...but it was --

BAR MANAGER
I understand that, but this hotel --

SYDNEY
She should be back Friday, Saturday
the latest. I hope it's not a problem.

BAR MANAGER
Well normally, we like some notice,
it puts us in a tough spot and --

SYDNEY
I'm sure you understand how love works.

BAR MANAGER
Well...yes...yes...you see --

SYDNEY
She's a good girl and she works hard.
She got married. She's in love.
She'll be back Saturday the latest.

BAR MANAGER
I didn't know that Clementine was
a friend of yours.

SYDNEY
She's a very old friend, yes.

BAR MANAGER
In that case.

SYDNEY
Thank you.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. CASINO - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 87

Sydney walks out, his car is there. He tips the Valet, gets in and drives off.

CUT TO:

88 INT. CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 88

Sydney enters the dark apartment and is immediately approached by the two hungry cats; they move around his legs. Sydney walks to the kitchen, finds some cat food, dumps some in a bowl and feeds the cats.

ANGLE, CLOSE-UP. SYDNEY. He watches the cats eat.

CUT TO:

89 INT. SYDNEY'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING - FLASHBACK 89

This is from the opening when John was still riding in the back. The two of them sit in silence for a moment, then:

JOHN
You got any music?

SYDNEY
What was that?

JOHN
Do you have any music to play?
You got a stereo, right?

SYDNEY
What'd you have in mind?

JOHN
I dunno..."Fog Hat?"

SYDNEY
No.

JOHN
I didn't think so.

PAUSE. THEN:

JOHN
This is a nice ride, actually.

The portion of the scene (#3) we saw earlier is REPRINTED. Sydney glances in his rearview mirror, makes eye contact with John...

JOHN
...you pull over a second?

CAMERA holds on Sydney as John gets out of the back, into the front.

SYDNEY
You sure it's alright?

JOHN
Well...

SYDNEY
...you know three types of Karate.
I haven't forgotten.

JOHN
Good.

They pull back onto the highway.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. CLEMENTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 90

OVERHEAD ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOORWAY. Sydney exits holding the TWO CATS in his arms. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS WITH SYDNEY AS HE MAKES A BEELINE FOR HIS CAR. He gets inside with the two cats.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. SANDS HOTEL - ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT (LATER) 91

Sydney sits in his car with the CATS. He's watching across the street, across the Sands front parking lot --

SYDNEY'S POV - ACROSS THE PARKING LOT
Jimmy. He talks, gestures with three SECURITY GUARDS from the hotel, seems to say, "I'll see you later."

Jimmy walks off to his car, gets in and pulls out of the lot. Sydney follows...

CUT TO:

92 EXT. STREETS OF RENO - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 92

Sydney trails Jimmy's car.

CUT TO:

93 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET/JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 93

Jimmy parks his car in front of his house. Sydney parks his fifty yards away, getting a safe view of Jimmy exiting his car and going into his house.

HOLD ON SYDNEY. He lights a cigarette. The CATS meow and roam around the inside of Sydney's car.

SYDNEY
(to the cats)
C'mon...sit...kitty, sit. Sit.
Stay there. Stay in one spot, kitty.

Sydney finishes his cigarette, notices across the street --

SYDNEY'S POV
Jimmy exits his house in a change of clothes, gets in his car and takes off.

BEAT. Sydney gets out of his car, walks across the street. The CATS watch him.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 94

Sydney walks around the back, through a horribly kept yard. He hops a fence with a little trouble and approaches a back door -- tries the handle. It's locked.

Sydney smashes the window in the door. A DOG barks in the distance. Sydney reaches in and unlocks the lock.

CUT TO:

95 INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 95

Sydney enters, walks around the house.

CUT TO:

96 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 96

Sydney enters, looks around, through some drawers, he opens the closet -- inside, there is a small arsenal of guns.

Sydney takes a .45 Automatic, checks it. He searches the closet some more for a clip, finds one and loads it.

CUT TO:

97 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 97

Sydney enters from the bedroom, looks around and takes a seat. The room is dark and quiet. Wind blows from the broken window in the door. HOLD. CAMERA BEGINS A SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS SYDNEY.

CUT TO:

98 INT. CASINO/CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 98

Jimmy's throwing hundred on a crap table, playing wild/loud/obnoxious.

CUT TO:

99 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 99

CAMERA CONTINUES THE SLOW DOLLY TOWARDS SYDNEY.

CUT TO:

100 INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 100

Clementine is sleeping. John is driving, listening to some radio program.

CUT TO:

101 INT. CASINO/CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 101

Jimmy, boisterous and obnoxious, throws down a pile of money.

JIMMY
Two thousand dollar hard eight!

CUT TO:

102 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 102

Sydney in CLOSE-UP.

CUT TO:

103 INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 103

CLOSER ANGLE on John, listening to the radio. He looks at Clem sleeping, then turns it down a little.

CUT TO:

104 INT. CASINO/CRAPS TABLE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 104

Jimmy SHOOTS THE DICE -- and hits the hard eight --

JIMMY
FUCK YES. YES. YES. YES. FUCK YES.

CUT TO:

105 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 105

Sydney in CLOSE-UP. HOLD.

CUT TO:

106 EXT. CASINO - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 106

Jimmy and a slutty young GIRL exit the casino, drunk as hell. He kisses her, she rubs his crotch. They arrive at his car and get in.

CUT TO:

107 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 107

Sydney. CAMERA HOLDS A WIDE ANGLE ON THE ROOM. Sydney obscured in shadows. OC we HEAR the sounds of a car pulling up...headlights FLOAT through the room and we catch a GLIMPSE of Sydney.

CUT TO:

108 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER 108

Jimmy and the GIRL stumble from the car to the front door.

CUT TO:

109 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 109

Sydney sits with the GUN in his hand. Jimmy and the GIRL step inside and turn on the lights. Jimmy and the Girl stop.

JIMMY
....fuck do you want?

*

Sydney stands up and RAISES THE GUN at Jimmy.

GIRL
...Jimmy...

JIMMY
Don't pont my gun at me, man.
(beat)
I don't have your money, I lost it
at a table. Fuck you anyway.
(beat)
Fuck you I said, I said:

* * * * * *

Sydney FIRES the GUN into Jimmy's RIGHT ARM. The Girl FREAKS. *

GIRL
Oh, God, no. No. Please.

...Jimmy falls back into the front door...

JIMMY
...Piss on you...

Sydney FIRES again, hitting Jimmy in the LEG.

GIRL
NO. NO. PLEASE.

*

JIMMY
FUCK. WAIT. WAIT. FUCK. *

Jimmy slowly raises his hand, reaching towards his coat pocket. *

JIMMY *
Wait...just...please...you want your money. *
Old man...I'll give you your money -- *

Jimmy's hand is inches from his pocket -- *

...SYDNEY FIRES HIS GUN... *

HE FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN, WALKING CLOSER WITH EACH SHOT, EMPTYING THE GUN INTO JIMMY'S CHEST AND FACE...

Sydney empties his pockets fo the money and finds... TWELVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN VARIOUS LARGE BILLS.

The GIRL is FREAKED.

GIRL
Please...no...please...don't...

Sydney hands her some money.

SYDNEY
Go.

She runs from the house. Sydney takes the gun, wipes his fingerprints from it and leaves it next to Jimmy.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 110

Sydney walks quickly to his car, gets in and drives off.

CUT TO:

111 INT. SYDNEY'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 111

On the highway, Sydney driving fast. HOLD ON HIS FACE.

CUT TO:

112 INT. JOHN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT - SAME TIME 112

John is driving. Clementine wakes, leans across and gives him a kiss on the cheek in SLOW MOTION.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - THAT MOMENT 113

Sydney's car drives PAST CAMERA.

FADE OUT, FADE IN:

114 EXT. OPENING COFFEE SHOP - DAWN 114

CAMERA holds on the coffee shop off a stretch of highway. Sydney enters FRAME at WAIST LEVEL, CAMERA DOLLIES BEHIND HIM. He walks inside. It's snowing lightly as the sun is about to come up...

CUT TO:

115 INT. OPENING COFFEE SHOP - DAWN 115

Sydney sits alone in a booth. Coffee, cigarette. HOLD. He notices a small bit of blood has stained the cuff of his shirt. He slides his jacket over....HOLD.....He looks across the booth.

CUT TO:

116 INT. OPENING COFFEE SHOP - MORNING - FLASHBACK 116

John and Sydney, from the opening. The scene is REPRINTED.

SYDNEY
If I gave you fifty dollars:
What would you do with it?

JOHN
I'd eat.

SYDNEY
You wouldn't gamble it?

JOHN
No.

SYDNEY
Why not?

JOHN
Because I gotta eat, that's why.

SYDNEY
How long can you eat, how long can you *live* on fifty dollars?

JOHN
I don't know.

SYDNEY
I would bet not very long.

JOHN
You would bet...?

SYDNEY
Yes I would.

CUT TO:

117 INT. NIAGARA FALLS SUITE - MORNING - THAT MOMENT 117

John is sitting on the bed, on the phone, Clementine is dealing with a BELL HOP who handles their baggage in the b.g.

JOHN
....are you sure? Can you just check again. Well there must be a forward number...Okay.
(beat)
Yes, I'm looking for Sydney Brown. Now, the woman I just talked to has told me he checked out and I just don't think that's right.
Uh-huh. Uh-huh.
(beat)
Well I just don't think that's right. Well the computer is wrong, then. The computer is wrong, you understand? The computer is wrong. I'll try back.

John hangs up. The Bell Hop is through with the bags, looks to John for a tip.

BELL HOP
You're all set, sir.

JOHN
Oh, thank you. Thanks.

He hands the Bell Hop a dollar. The Bell Hop smiles, turns and walks past Clementine and gives her a wink.

BELL HOP
Bye-bye.

John notices.

JOHN
Hey. Hey.

The Bell Hop keeps walking, John grabs him.

JOHN
What was that?

BELL HOP
...what...?

JOHN
Why would you wink at my wife?
Why'd you do that? What's to keep
me from kicking your ass right now?

BELL HOP
I was just saying, "Good-bye."

JOHN
That's not what you meant. That's my wife.

BELL HOP
I didn't mean anything --

JOHN
Never mind what you meant, gimme
my dollar back and get outta here --

John snatches the bill from the bell hop and sends him out the door. Clementine smiles.

JOHN
Can you believe that?

CLEMENTINE
I'm sorry, John.

JOHN
Why are you sorry?

CLEMENTINE
I'm...I don't know...

JOHN
No. You didn't do anything. No.

BEAT. John paces. HOLD, THEN:

CLEMENTINE
Sydney's not there?

JOHN
...no...

CLEMENTINE
Maybe he's coming here.

JOHN
Huh?

CLEMENTINE
Maybe he's coming to join us.

JOHN
I never thought of that.

John paces a bit. BEAT, HOLD, THEN:

JOHN
Wanna go to the waterfall out there?

CLEMENTINE
We should get a camera...you can buy those
camera's that are disposable, y'know?

JOHN
Okay.

CLEMENTINE
Are you alright?

JOHN
Yeah. Are you?

CLEMENTINE
Yeah.

JOHN
I'm happy to be here.

CLEMENTINE
Me too.

JOHN
Wanna go?

CLEMENTINE
Gimme a kiss.

They kiss.

118 INT. OPENING COFFEE SHOP - MORNING - THAT MOMENT 118

Sydney sits a moment. CAMERA DOES A MEDIUM SLOW DOLLY IN THAT LANDS CLOSE ON THE COFFEE CUP IN FRONT OF HIM. HOLD THIS ANGLE. Sydney rises in the b.g. and walks to the cashier.

SYDNEY (OC)
Hello.

CASHIER (OC)
Hello.

SYDNEY (OC)
Pack of Lucky Strike's please.

She fetches the cigs, rings his tab. He pays and exits.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. HIGHWAY 80 COFFEE SHOP - MORNING - THAT MOMENT 119

It's snowing harder now. Sydney exits the coffee shop and walks towards his car, the two CATS watch him coming....

A nervous, sweaty MAN in a yellow jacket approaches.

MAN
Are you Sydney Brown?

SYDNEY
...excuse me...?

Sydney looks at the man. BEAT. In this moment, Sydney recognizes this to be the MAN from the MOTEL. THE HOSTAGE.

MAN
You cost me my wife. You and your friends beat me....that whore.

Sydney is dumbfounded. HOLD.

SYDNEY
I don't know what you're talking about.

MAN
Are you Sydney Brown?

Sydney walks past him, the MAN follows.

MAN
A man named Jim told me of you.
I know you, I know you, I followed you.

SYDNEY
...I don't know what you're talking about, sir...

MAN
You and your friends, Clementine and John....I'll find them too....

SYDNEY
Don't follow me.

MAN
...I'll find them in Niagara Falls.
I know your the man that held me, I know it.

SYDNEY
...don't follow me....

MAN
....you motherfucker...

Sydney reaches his car...the MAN stops....BEAT....

MAN
You COST ME MY WIFE.

The MAN raises his arm....FIRES THREE SHOTS INTO SYDNEY...

...Sydney falls...

...The MAN runs off, gets in his car and pulls out of the lot.

Sydney lays covered in blood. He holds onto his breath and his heartbeat for a few moments in horrible pain. He starts to cry.

The CATS watch him from the car.

Sydney lays flat on his back...looking up...gasping for air...

SYDNEY'S POV

Snow falls down softly...directly INTO CAMERA.

Sydney holds onto his breath for another moment.

DUTCH ANGLE, ABOVE PARKING LOT, LOOKING DOWN ONTO:

Sydney's dead body in the middle of the parking lot.

END.